

SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1223 00616 9883

BOOK NO.

ACCESSION

920

F456t 1924

219332



3 1229 00616 9883

THINGS I SHOULDN'T TELL

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"UNCENSORED RECOLLECTIONS"

S. F. Public Library

London
EVELEIGH NASH & GRAYSON
Limited

First Edition, September, 1924
Second Edition, September, 1924
Third Edition, September, 1924

920
F456t
219332 1924

MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY THE GARDEN CITY PRESS LTD., LETCHWORTH

3 1223 00616 9883

CONTENTS

	PAGE
CHAPTER I - - - - -	1
The late King of Holland and his "lady friends." Royal escape from flying plates. A Royal detective. The Prince of Wales and his Neapolitan friends. The biggest cad I ever met. The late Lord Londonderry and Count Herbert Bismarck. Equanimity of old Prince Galitzine. Count Herbert Bismarck and the Princess Carolath. Infamous conduct of Count Herbert. Count Herbert at the Vatican. Marquis Ripaldi. Famous verbal castigation of Prussian cad. Prince Melissano. Practical jokes. Trouville. The Maison Persane. Prince of Wales at Mme. de Courval's. Sudden arrival of Government authorities. Explanation.	
CHAPTER II - - - - -	17
Borrowed plumage. Oscar Wilde and <i>Salome</i>. Wilde's inability to write good French. Swinburne's French. My bet with Wilde. Edmund Yates. Mrs. Cashel Hoeys. Lord Ronald Gower. Madrassi. The Shakespearean group. Ronny and his Royal friends. "Hippy" Damer. Homburg in old days. Huddleston. Young Palffy. Lord Strathnairn. His feeling towards women. Mr. Jacobs of Simla. Walking on water. The late Lord Crawford's kindness. Sarah Bernhardt as sculptress. What de Girardin said.	
CHAPTER III - - - - -	34
"Tommy" Bowles. Futile "pumping." Pellegrini. Terrible dinner at Pagani's. The late Lord Burnham. Round Table at Evans's. Drama of the Poached Egg. Serjeant Ballantine. Great charm and tireless kindness of Lord Burnham. John Delacour. Lord Courtenay. His story of <i>la Chasse</i> in France. Ehrendall. Monte	

Carlo shares. Thomas Baring. Prince Constantine Radziwill. Macduff. Disappointment. Dominique Radziwill. Prince George of Greece. Stuart Cumberland lifts Prince and Tsar in chair. Daniel Home. The late Lord Crawford and Lord Dunraven. Strange experiences. Princess Tchetvertinsky and hideous necklace. Home's strange power put to practical use.

CHAPTER IV - - - - - 51

The Beresford brothers. Lord William. Lilian Duchess of Marlborough. Her morbid sensitiveness. Mme. Pozzo di Borgo. Bet with Lord William. "Princes at the Tower." Lord Charles. His innate love of buffoonery. "Darling Mathilda." Trick on Queen Victoria. The Marquise d'Hervey de St. Denis. January and May. Her visit to London. Lord Charles, the sailor and the parrot. "G-r-r-rand." Sailor's remark. Hilarity of Lord Charles. Anger of Prince. Lord Charles, the street boy and policeman's helmet. "Prince of Wales." Dinner and supper given to Duke of Edinburgh in Paris by Prince Trauttmansdorff. "Nick" Esterházy and The Lamb. Boxes at Bal Masqué. My ankle. Ridiculous conduct of Lord Macduff and Horace Farquhar. Mysterious clown or harlequin. What S-o-u-p-e-r spells. I save the situation. The lady with the hands. Blow from Royal fist. "Don Magnifico's" bill. Charles Beresford unmasked. Royal argot. Lord Charles to Randolph Churchill.

CHAPTER V - - - - - 68

Strahan as ballet dancer. Lord Charles Beresford's practical jokes. Christopher Sykes. Lord Marcus Beresford and member of the Turf Club. A well-known man's Billingsgate. My harmless plot to catch the Prince of Wales.

CHAPTER VI - - - - - 78

Prince of Wales. Prince Joseph Lubomirski. My "black pudding" quotation. The Prince and a penny. Duke of Lancaster. Baron Raymond Seilliére. His bill. M. de Bois Lucy. Seilliére's trick. My revenge.

CHAPTER VII - - - - - 90

Successful men after being condemned to death. Count Andrassy. His present of Imperial Tokay. People affected by it. Swinburne. Lord Wiltshire. Augustus Lumley. Camille Barrère. The Arts Club. Dr. Newman. How Bellini died. Newman and the value of

CONTENTS

vii

PAGE

his reputation. Some of Newman's Oxford yarns. Dr. Wynter of St. John's. The great Jowett. "You must find God before 3." The Oxford Guide and the Master of Balliol. Swinburne at Balliol. Sequestered by Watts Dunton. Swinburne's amours all imaginary. Adah Isaacs Menken. Dumas' and Menken's photograph together. Menken's death. Swinburne's enthusiasms. Trelawny and Shelley. Swinburne and Landor. Swinburne's reformation by Watts Dunton. Dances a hornpipe on his caricature in *Vanity Fair*.

CHAPTER VIII - - - - - 108

La Princesse Katy. Sir Peel and Sir Russell. Calcraft. Victor Hugo's audacity. The late Duke of Albany. Lord Wentworth. I introduce Swinburne to Prince Leopold. Étretat and the long swim. Swinburne in bathing drawers. Sarah Bernhardt and Swinburne. The remarks of Sarah Bernhardt's pretty maid. The passionate lady from Cincinnati. "To kiss you till one killed you." Perilous position of Swinburne. Saved by ridicule.

CHAPTER IX - - - - - 116

Bob Bristowe. The late Lord Clanricarde. "Qui vit sans folie n'est pas si sage qu'il croit." Dick Steuart Muirhead. The address of a sentiment. Bob's obnoxious servant. The jaguar episode. The Prince of Wales: the loan: the present. Taylor and some Oxford yarns. Miss "Jack" Cotton and her father. The Magdalen Undergraduate and two famous Parisian Aspasiases. Reginald Bird and Charles Reade. President Bulley. The *demi-mondaines*, the Christ Church Deanery and the Sage of Concord. Historicus. His diplomatic muteness. Clever sayings of Lord Marcus Beresford. Broadwood. Cass.

CHAPTER X - - - - - 130

Mad Pranks at Baden-Baden in the old days. Marguerite Bellanger. My introduction to her. Her trick of rising from floor without using hands or elbows. Her clever frankness to the Emperor. Untrue report about the child. Old Oppenheim. Mr. Shaw Lefevre's question to me. "O. de Cologne." Augusta Queen of Prussia at the Villa Mesmer. Wild invasion of Gambling Rooms by Lord Charles Hamilton and other Bacchanals. Princes Hohenlohe and Thurn and Taxis. Order of Queen of Prussia. "Carlo's" remonstrance. Caroline Letessier and her Imperial Grand Duke. New use for the Grand Cordon of St. Andrew. Mustapha Pasha and the crayfish.

The man of Blood and Iron dancing the can-can. I am used by Duke of Hamilton to shield him from the plate-shying of La Gioja. Ridiculous rumours about La Gioja. King Humbert. The Contract for Horses for the Italian Army. Carlin. Peculiar manners. The silent drive. La Gioja's delightful gratitude. Carlin's tragic end. Randolph Churchill. Bernal Osborne. Posno's dinners. "Old Clos."

CHAPTER XI - - - - - 149

Ernest of the Café Anglais: the friend of Sovereigns and Princes. Isabelle, the *bouquetière* of the Jockey Club. Her traffic in flowers. Joseph of the Maison Dorée. His courtly manners and wit. "La plus jolie femme de Paris." The Lafitte of the Comet year. The famous Casimir. Well-known *habitués* of the Maison Dorée. Jack Hankey and his extraordinary collection. The Duc d'Aumale. Leopold II. Ismail Pasha. His mysterious grudge against Queen Victoria. His "good things" for me. Blanche d'Antigny. Miss Fanny Reed. "Who would be virtuous?" Blanche, the original of Nana. Emile Zola. His account of how Busnach arranged *Pot Bouille* for the stage. Victor Hugo on Zola. Bignon's. The significance of a boiled egg.

CHAPTER XII - - - - - 168

Khalil Bey. The Jockey Club. High play. Carlo Hamilton. His idea of economy. The salutary legal curb so sadly lacking in this country. "Le Duc darling." Lord Campbell: his obsession. Mrs. Lloyd and the purity peer expelled from rooms for alleged misconduct. "Don Magnifico." His question to Marcus Beresford. Prince Sulkowski. His menagerie. I amuse the Prince of Wales about Sulkowski's supposed hotel bill. "[Loulou]" Schwarzenberg. His opinion of the Prince of Wales. Mathews. The ring and the delightful way it was given. Closmesnil. Schwarzenberg's infatuation. The "common" bedroom candlestick with extinguisher costing over a thousand pounds. My pastoral address to "La Belle Bouchère" on the Race-course.

CHAPTER XIII - - - - - 183

Charles Yriarte. Dumas the Elder. "Lazarus to Belisarius." Richard Wallace. Lord Hertford. Davray. Dr. Scott. Léon Gozlan. Balzac and Lord Hertford. The irony of fate. Eugène Sue. The pink plush waistcoat. Tropmann the assassin. His trial. *Une idée fixe*

CONTENTS

ix

PAGE

and *The Wandering Jew*. His execution. Colonel Lichtenstein's remark to me. Mme. de Persigny's comment. A double execution. Georges Sand. Her marvellous vigour. Nohant. Liszt and Chopin. The wager. De Sennal. Autographs. What constitutes their value. The copy of *Childe Harold* belonging to the old Marquis de Boissy, the hater of England and husband of Byron's mistress, La Guiccioli.

CHAPTER XIV - - - - - 200

Felix, the Emperor's confidential valet. " Nothing will happen." The handle side of the broom. Conspiracies in the air. Vichy. True—but veiled—tale of a conspiracy in which someone had to be bribed and yet no word spoken. The Ball at the French Foreign Office. The waltz music of Waldteufel and that of Johann Strauss. Success. More racehorses bought. Mme. Dournow. The late Mr. Stead. His fatal mistake in seeking information. Abe Lincoln's remark to Lord Lyons. The human heart. The only man who knows it. The Abbé Hurel of the Madeleine. His popularity in Society and in Boudoirs. Terrible confessions. A sincere man, not a hypocrite. Disraeli on Cardinal Wiseman. Bernal Osborne's revenge on Lord Beaconsfield. Hurel, the Archbishop of Paris and the Comtesse de K. Lord Lyons. The double life of a murdered priest. The lunch at Lord Glenesk's at Hampstead. Kite flying. The Cardinal's comment and the reply. Chauncey M. Depew and some of his tales. Travers and the Medium.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

IT has been stated that *Uncensored Recollections* is the work of two hands, and this, to an extent, is true.

When I decided to write my reminiscences, I gave the material to a friend, who not only put it into shape for the press, but introduced some anecdotes and matter of his own. All that he did in this direction had my complete approval, and the success of the work has had the usual sequence, —a second book written in similar collaboration.

Regarding my anonymity, that, of course, is a *secret de Polichinelle* to men and women really conversant with English and Foreign Society during the sixty odd years preceding the Great War; for I give myself away almost in every chapter. To those who have begun to live only

just before the war, my identity cannot be of much interest, inasmuch as what I narrate is not concerned with persons and things within the range of their personal knowledge.

In treating of the most trivial matters I have been careful to be accurate; and to avoid, even in my gossip, anything resembling the *blague* of the *boulevardier*, concerning which, by the way, Renan once asked me, with a quizzical smile, whether perhaps it might not be the debilitated offspring of Cartesian scepticism!

I have endeavoured in my notes and appreciations to be lenient and generous; and in this I have, according to those most intimately familiar with the people to whom I have referred, been successful. Of the opinion of those who know not, I confess I am indifferent, for

“Μαθουσιν ἄνδω, κού μαθουσι ληθομαι.”

Paris, *July* 8, 1924.

Things I Shouldn't Tell

CHAPTER I

The late King of Holland and his "lady friends." Royal escape from flying plates. A Royal detective. The Prince of Wales and his Neapolitan friends. The biggest cad I ever met. The late Lord Londonderry and Count Herbert Bismarck. Equanimity of old Prince Galitzine. Count Herbert Bismarck and the Princess Carolath. Infamous conduct of Count Herbert. Count Herbert at the Vatican. Marquis Ripaldi. Famous verbal castigation of Prussian cad. Prince Melissano. Practical jokes. Trouville. The Maison Persane. Prince of Wales at Mme. de Courval's. Sudden arrival of Government authorities. Explanation.

IN *Uncensored Recollections* I have written of the late King of Holland, of his son nicknamed Citron, of his infatuation for Eliza Cook better known as Mme. Musard, and of what old James Rothschild said of the alcohol absorbing capacity of His Majesty. No Sovereign, since the days of King Ludwig I of Bavaria,

has ever been so led by ladies as King William III of the Netherlands who died in 1890. He always wanted to get the best of them, but they invariably got the best of him.

I have already told how he gave Eliza Cook, to get rid of her and to avert a possible revolution, a mining property he thought was worthless, but which turned out to be of the greatest value, and which he tried to get back, but in vain. Then there was Mme. Remy who made him settle, through James Rothschild, £1,000 a year on her (she was hideous and could hardly read or write); there was also Mlle. Berengère who in boiling rage broke all the crockery in the palace to which she would have set fire but for the timely intervention of Cavaliere Cova, of the Italian Legation at The Hague, who happened to be in the room at the time (the King was so frightened that he is reported to have got under the table out of the way of the flying plates).

His Majesty bought Berengère a place near Nice, and gave her £12,000 in cash to leave him in peace; and, finally, there was the famous Algerian lady, Emilie Ambre. I used often to meet her in

theatrical circles in Paris and at Nice, and I confess I never could understand the infatuation of the Dutch King; for she was a swarthy common little woman, very awkward, and with a big nose. Her eyes were peculiar but rather attractive—yellow, almost orange in colour. The witty Aurélien Scholl described her as “le produit d’une chamelle et d’un Caid.” The old King was so much in love with her that he wanted to marry her, and as a first step in that direction created her Comtesse d’Amboise. She lived in semi-royal state at The Hague with ladies-in-waiting, chamberlains, and all the rest of it, and many adventurers and sharpers of Europe and America flocked to her strange Court.

The long-suffering Dutch said nothing until swarthy Emilie began meddling in State matters; and then some tale-bearers went to the jealous King to tell him about certain secret adventures of the royal favourite during her frequent visits to Paris—particularly with a man well known in society, M. de Beauplan, who was called “le beau Gaston,” and who was constant in his attendance on the Countess during her stay in the French capital. So far it is merely the ordinary story

of the vulgar amours of an intemperate Sovereign; but here the comic and novel element comes in.

One afternoon late I was walking up the Rue Boissy d'Anglas with that most popular and charming of men, Philippe de Massa, when he started at the sight of an old shabbily dressed man hovering about the door of the Hotel Vouillemont. "Good God!" exclaimed the Marquis in a low tone, catching me by the arm, "look at that old man; but don't seem to look." "Well," I said, "who is he? Some old picture dealer, I suppose, waiting for the King of Naples"; for oddly enough, King Francis and his Queen would never take a private residence, but always lived at that hotel. "No," replied de Massa—"It's the King of Holland!"

"You must be mistaken; it can't be!"

"I am not mistaken. I know him intimately. It's lucky he didn't see me! What in the world can he be doing here incognito and dressed like that?"

De Massa was not mistaken; it was the King. He was so jealous of the swarthy Emilie that he had followed her to Paris, shabbily dressed and

as a courier; waited for her outside the hotel where she was staying, saw the arrival of "le beau Gaston," followed them to their love-nest at Meudon, and then burst into the room, and——!

This grotesque adventure makes one wonder that the Dutch people ever had their erotic old Sovereign back, for the whole episode was well known at The Hague, and was the subject of much laughter, especially at our Legation there. Emilie Ambre had a rather pleasing voice, and sang in Opera. She went to America and had some success there, and intended to settle down in the States (as Lola Montez did in New York) but changed her mind, came to Europe, and in extreme poverty poisoned herself. Count Piper (the popular Swedish Minister in London, and a very talented musician, one of the oldest and dearest friends of my family) used to say the story was current at The Hague that the King ordered some high Court official to write to Emilie forbidding her to use the title of Countess, which he had conferred on her, and that the saucy diva sent a written reply of only one word—the famous and awful word of Cambronne!

The Prince of Wales knew a great many members of the Neapolitan nobility. They would flock to Paris when they heard he was there, and I used to meet them with him at the Bristol, at Mme. de Sagan's and elsewhere. They were certainly a very funny lot. There was Prince Melissano and his friend the Duke of Merigliano, this last a very clever and in every way attractive man, but as mad as the proverbial March hare. In Paris he acted like a lunatic, and I am told his conduct in his native Naples was no better. Not content with the society of the *demi-monde*, of the Foyer de Danse, and of the *coulisses* of the theatres, he would run about the town, the streets, the shops, the race-course, and the Bois, picking up acquaintance with pretty women. He was a jolly, good-looking chap, very generous with his money, and never (at least to my knowledge) got into trouble but once, when he spoke to a lady from Philadelphia on the race-course at Auteuil, told her he adored her, and got knocked down by her brother. The Duke sent the Philadelphian a challenge, but, of course, it was ignored. But here comes the really funny part of the madness of this Neapolitan Don Juan. He always, when running about in his

insane way, was accompanied by two men, not servants, but evidently from the way he treated them, and from their appearance, gentlemen.

He never introduced them to you, and I asked the Prince of Wales who they were ; but he said he had no idea, adding, “ You find out and let me know.” So I very frankly put the question to the Duke the next time I met him. He laughed and said : “ Oh, don't you know ? I thought Melissano must have told you ; everyone in Naples knows ; one of these gentlemen is my doctor, and the other is my solicitor. I never run after ladies I don't know without having them with me ! ” When I told this to the Prince of Wales he laughed heartily and said : “ Very good idea ! ”

Another Neapolitan nobleman who generally found himself in Paris, when the Prince of Wales was there, and who was much liked by Lord Marcus Beresford, was the Duke of San Cesario. His wife was a Doria and famous for her beauty. The Duke founded the Buontemponi Club in Naples, but it was short-lived. He was the most reckless of spendthrifts and had no more sense of the difference between *meum* and *tuum* than

an ordinary Bill Sykes. His end was tragic. He gave a supper party in Naples to a French actress, but deputed Melissano to receive his guests for him. All the "top of the basket" of Neapolitan society was there, but the gaiety was interrupted by the arrival of a coachman who said the gentleman he had driven to Piedigrotto with Melissano had blown his brains out there. The guests all drove out in single file, as to a funeral, to see if it was true. It was; he had committed forgery, and so took his life.

George Sheffield once asked me who was the biggest cad I had ever met, and I unhesitatingly replied, "Herbert Bismarck." The late Lord Londonderry, a keen observer and profound cynic, who was present, cordially agreed and told the following story about this very unpleasing son of the blustering Blood and Iron statesman. It appears that it was at one time the intention of the German Chancellor to send his son to Oxford, and so Herbert paid a preliminary visit to the banks of the Isis just to look round. When he'd been knocking about there for a week (not as a student, but merely as a visitor) he casually said to Lon-

donderry (then Seaham, for his father, Lord Vane, was still alive), "I don't think I shall come here after all. My father and I understood Oxford was the educational headquarters for your aristocracy, but I've seen nothing but very common people since I've been here!" The Vane-Tempests are not conspicuous for moderation in language, and how Seaham received this prize specimen of coarse Prussian insolence he did not tell us: probably not with the sweet calmness of old Prince Galitzine who, when his wife confessed that she had been unfaithful to him, simply said: "Indeed? Well, try and restrain yourself in future, my dear!"

Not long after this appreciation of the social atmosphere of Oxford had been delivered, and while still a youth, Herbert made himself the talk of Berlin through his desperate flirtation with the young and pretty wife of old Prince Carolath. She was, as I say, a very pretty woman (I met her often in Paris and danced with her at a ball at Mme. de Sagan's) and the brother of Countess Karolyi, the Austrian Ambassadors in Berlin, was so much in love with her that he used to run after her carriage and jump up behind like a

street boy just to be near her. He knew all about her *affaire* with Herbert Bismarck, and dear Lady Odo Russell, the most unceremonious of ambassadresses, who would calmly count out the linen from the laundry before you while chatting, used to hold up her hands in horror and say, "How will it all end?" For, indeed, very often, when he was perched up behind the carriage of the lady of his heart, she would be driving out of town to meet Herbert at a place they had in the suburbs. He (not Herbert) spent a small fortune in flowers for the Princess, and engaged an orchestra of Tziganes from Hungary for her (they were not common in those days) because she expressed a desire to hear their music. When she eloped to Italy with Herbert, the poor lad tried to commit suicide. As for Herbert, he deserted his *chère amie* in Italy in the most vile fashion, and was scorned for it even in Berlin which never was the capital of chivalrous feeling. (He tried to explain his conduct by stating that his father had ordered him to do so!) "What are you to do with a man like that?" exclaimed the late Duke of Beaufort when he heard of this base desertion; for the very charming and tender hearted Lord of Badminton

had met and greatly admired the Princess in Paris.

The noble Herbert's behaviour in Rome, when he went there with the ex-Kaiser, and the Marquis Ripaldi's remark to him are well known. The Kaiser was to be received by the Pope, but, of course, alone. When the door opening into the audience chamber of the Holy Father was opened for the entrance of the German Emperor, and then immediately closed behind him, Herbert rushed to it and battered at it with his fist crying "Open! Open! at once. I am Count Herbert Bismarck!" "You mustn't do that," exclaimed dear old Ripaldi, who was, as it were, the Augustus Lumley of Rome. "But I am Count Herbert Bismarck!" shouted the Prussian lout. "That," said Ripaldi with a smile, "of course, explains, but it does not excuse your conduct!" Surely no one was ever more politely castigated!

Ripaldi was a very amusing man, full of funny stories about everything and everybody, not only in Italy but elsewhere, for he knew most of the capitals of Europe very well; and he was amusing even when he was not aware of it. Speaking to

me once at Claridge's, on the occasion of a flying visit from Rome, about the pretensions of Italian noble families, he said, in regard to an Italian Prince who shall be nameless, "Of course, his claim to be descended from Trajan is ridiculous, but on his mother's side he's very noble—she was a Ruffo di Calabria. Now, it's different with me. I can claim direct descent from an intimate friend of Pontius Pilate."

I have spoken of Prince Melissano. He was one of the most amusing of men and a great favourite of the Prince of Wales, who used to refer to him as a "little monkey," for he was very small and resembled a monkey, only being uglier than most monkeys. But he was full of fun, always laughing and light-hearted, and an adept in "engineering" practical jokes, a form of amusement of which the Prince of Wales up to past middle age was very fond. Melissano's tomfooleries in conjunction with H.R.H. were innumerable. Here is one among many. At Trouville three ladies, three friends, lived in adjoining villas facing the sea and near the Hotel des Roches Noirs. The Maison Persane, the house of Mme. de Sagan, wife of, though living apart from, that High Priest of all matters social,

sporting and Cyprian, Boson de Talleyrand-Périgord, Prince de Sagan, commonly called "Prince Charming," was the centre of the *grand monde*; and her neighbours were the Duchesse de la Trémouille, and the Vicomtesse de Courval, a very charming American lady whose daughter married the only son of Tony de Mouchy and Anna Murat—the late Prince de Poix, a very charming lad who inherited the beauty of his mother, Princess Anna, and who died very young.

Well, one season when the Prince of Wales was down there more or less incog., staying at the Maison Persane, the play every night at Mme. de Courval's was very high. Trouville and Deauville were so crowded that people were sleeping on the sands. Melissano had promised to take rooms for Harry Milbank and myself, but forgot all about it, so that when we arrived at midnight from Paris, I was glad to accept the hospitality of Mme. Alphonse de Rothschild and sleep in her bathroom (!) at the Hotel de Paris, while Milbank dashed off in the dark in a trap to Cabourg. Well, the day after my arrival, when breakfasting at Mme. de Sagan's with the Prince of Wales,

Melissano, George Dupplin, the sempiternal Marquis de Modène, young Morny, Gontaut Biron, and others too numerous to send to Mazas or Valhalla, a diabolical scheme was hatched; and the following night at Mme. de Courval's, when the play was at its highest, the door suddenly opened and in stepped three gentlemen, all perfect strangers, but one of them wearing an *écharpe* or sash showing that he was a Government official. "I am the Préfet of Calvados," announced the gentleman very gravely, "I must beg the pardon of Mme. la Vicomtesse for intruding in this manner, but it is unfortunately my duty to do so. Information has reached me of the very high play going on here, and I regret to say it is my duty to take down the names of all here present with a view to having the whole matter laid before a Juge d'Instruction and thoroughly investigated!"

What a thunderbolt! Mme. de Courval nearly fainted. I got up and looked out of the window to keep from giving the show away by smiling. Little Melissano began jumping about like a terrified monkey. "But, Monsieur le Préfet, you don't understand. It's impossible; one of the gentlemen present cannot be named. He is above the

law." "There is no man above the law in France," replied the Préfet coldly. Then turning to the gentlemen who accompanied him—"Messieurs, please come and count the money on the table, and take the names of the persons present." Here Mme. de Sagan advanced, biting her lips to keep from laughing. "But, M. le Préfet, just one word, please——" she said, and then whispered in his ear. The Préfet bowed and replied, "I deeply regret it, Mme. la Princesse, but I must do my duty." Then turning to a gentleman who was seated at the table with his head bent over, he said, bowing very low, "Believe me, Monseigneur, I shall do all in my power to keep the name of Your Royal Highness out of this very awkward matter, but——" Then the Prince burst out laughing; and, turning to Mme. de Courval, who was standing by his side as if to protect him, herself shuddering with terror, and her face as white as a sheet, he put his hand on hers and said in English: "Don't be frightened! It's a joke! Melissano's nonsense!" Of course the pseudo Préfet and his acolytes were all friends disguised. It is so long ago now that I am not quite certain, but I think the Préfet was Prince Louis Murat, and

his two attendants Hubert Delamarre and Costa de Beauregard.

Prince Melissano was a bastard (he told me so himself), but when he heard the whole story from his mother he went to his father and compelled him to recognize him ; and so his title, a Sicilian one, I think, was absolutely authentic. He was, as I say, full of fun, and really a good little chap, but he was never very rich, and in Paris ran through every penny he had. So one night, after supping with Harry Milbank, the young Duc de Morny, Dupplin, Alice Howard and Fanny Signoret, he went back to his club and committed suicide, leaving on the table by his bed the words, written in English on a sheet of the Epatants' note paper, "Short and Sweet," which translated into French, "Courte et Bonne," was the title of a silly novelette about the poor fellow.

CHAPTER II

Borrowed plumage. Oscar Wilde and *Salome*. Wilde's inability to write good French. Swinburne's French. My bet with Wilde. Edmund Yates. Mrs. Cashel Hoey. Lord Ronald Gower. Madrassi. The Shakespearean group. Ronny and his Royal friends. "Hippy" Damer. Homburg in old days. Huddleston. Young Palfy. Lord Strathnairn. His feeling towards women. Mr. Jacobs of Simla. Walking on water. The late Lord Crawford's kindness. Sarah Bernhardt as sculptress. What de Girardin said.

HAWTHORNE has written something about the masterpieces of great artists that have never really existed beyond perhaps the realm of a "half-formed wish" (twisted by the immortal Spooner of Oxford, on a memorable occasion, into "half-warmed fish"). We have the marvellous painting Raphael never painted, the poem Shelley

never wrote, the play Shakespeare kept in his mind. Doubtless there have been many such losses to the world; but equally true is it that many things have been given to the public by persons, claiming to be their creator, who have really had no more to do with them than Moses had in the making of manna. There are numerous instances of this. Oscar Wilde's knowledge of French was that of the ordinary middle-class man in England. His *Salome*—the thing itself cribbed from *The Daughter of Herodias* by an American poet named Hayward—was not written in French by him; couldn't possibly have been. I never spoke to Wilde; his appearance was quite enough for me; but I met him in different places from time to time. Sarah Bernhardt first suggested to me that he could not have written *Salome* himself as, even in speaking, his French was extremely bad—no reason at all, by the way, for my dear friend, squirming, hand-wringing, red-haired little Swinburne's *spoken* French was simply comic; but *written*, it was exquisite and all his own. So I sent word to Wilde through Mrs. Bernard Beere that I would bet him £500 to a fiver he couldn't

translate into French, without at least thirty mistakes, any leading article chosen haphazard from any London daily paper, if locked up in a room without a French dictionary or grammar, and with four hours to do it. Like a fool he accepted the bet—silly bravado, of course—and actually allowed himself to be locked up, with pen and foolscap and a bottle of wine, in a room in “Berny’s” little cottage next the church in Marylebone Road; but when the wine was finished he yelled to be released; had done nothing, and explained he couldn’t be bothered, as he had been inspired just then by some original ideas for a poem! As a matter of fact, the man who “did” the French version of *Salome* was a young student named Pelissier living at that time in the Place des Ternes, Paris. This I knew because there were letters from Wilde to him on the subject. He got five thousand francs for doing it.

Then, again, Edmund Yates never wrote a single line of the novel entitled *Black Sheep*. He not only told me this himself, but the real writer, Mrs. Cashel Hoey, also told me. It happened in this way. Yates was very busy with *Temple Bar*

and asked Mrs. Cashel Hoey to begin a novel that he could take up at his first moment of leisure and finish. But having begun it, Mrs. Cashel Hoey would allow no interference, and completed it herself, Yates never writing a line or even giving a suggestion. The story, by the way, is, I believe, founded on fact. But that is not all. On the occasion when I spoke to Mrs. Cashel Hoey about *Black Sheep* and told her what Yates himself and Lady Pringle had said to me about the real authorship of the book, we were dining together at the Hotel Continental in Paris. I went on to speak about Yates and casually mentioned how very vividly a murder in Liverpool was described in one of his other novels. Mrs. Hoey looked at me to see if I was indulging in a *fumisterie*; and, then, seeing I was in earnest, quietly remarked: "I'm glad you think so highly of that murder. Oddly enough, I wrote that too. The murder episode, however, is all I wrote in the book. The rest is by Yates."

That very unpleasant person, the Duke of Pomár, never wrote a line of the books attributed to him. But this he openly admitted. The trick played on the public by his friend Lord Ronald Gower was

equally well known. All Ronny Gower's statues, without a single exception, were the work of Madrassi of the Boulevard Montparnasse. He used to work openly on them in his studio there, and I have seen some of them grow from start to finish under his clever hands. It was an out-of-the-way place, and I was brought there by the old Comtesse de Viel-Castel; got friendly with Madrassi, and gave him a few orders. One day, greatly to his surprise, Ronny Gower met me there. As at that very moment Madrassi was working on the "Lady Macbeth" which Gower afterwards signed, there was no getting out of it. Gower asked me to say nothing, and I have said nothing until now, but I think most people knew (except Queen Victoria, who looked upon him as a genius) that Ronny, unaided, could not have modelled a nose—not even a Jew's nose appraising a precious stone. Gower would sit in Madrassi's studio—visitors were forbidden admittance during these séances, but that did not include me, for I being already in the secret was allowed the *entrée*—chattering with the model and the sculptor, and then we would often all go off together and breakfast at Magny's, in the Rue Contrescarpe,

at that time one of the most delicious restaurants in Paris frequented both by artists and members of the *grand monde*, but especially by artists. The cooking was extraordinarily good, and neither Bignons nor the Café Anglais could come near it. It was the nearest approach then in Paris to the cooking of the great Casimir of the Maison Dorée.

By the way, about one of the figures in Madrassi's (Ronald Gower's) Shakespearean Group (the Prince Henry) I have a story to tell. The model was a young American soldier named Perrin. He came over when quite a lad to help to take care of the American section of the Universal Exhibition of Paris in 1879. Gower met him; made much of him; and when the Exhibition was over, and the lad went back to the States, Gower induced him to desert from the American Army and come back to Paris, promising to look after him. The young chap listened to the voice of the good-looking Scottish nobleman, deserted, and came back to the French capital. But the careless Ronald very soon got tired of his society and neglected him. The poor fellow lived for a while on what he earned as a model. Mouchy, Contades,

Kersaint, and a lot of people (including Queen Mary's father, the good-natured, handsome, jolly Duke of Teck, of whom at one time I saw a good deal) were kind to him ; but the young American's heart was broken. So he dressed himself in evening clothes ; had his photograph (a very large one) taken so garbed ; had a big mourning band put round the picture and wrote under it, " When you receive this I shall be dead " ; sent it off to Ronald Gower, who was at that time at San Remo ; went back to his rooms, and swallowed poison ; but, lest that should fail, put a slop pail by the side of an arm-chair, sat down, put his arm over the pail, cut his wrist open with a razor, held it over the pail so as not to make a mess, and so bled to death. Gower was awfully upset, of course, and I don't think he was ever quite the same man afterwards. Personally he was a kind-hearted fellow, but I always thought he was a little mad. I was introduced to him when I was quite a boy by his brother, the Duke of Sutherland of those days ; but although he was always friendly, I don't think he ever liked me. He thought (and possibly rightly) that I laughed at him. The Prince of Wales

abhorred him, but the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Albany liked him; and Queen Victoria was very fond of him.

Perhaps one among many reasons why Ronald Gower suspected I looked upon him rather contemptuously was connected with a ridiculous thing that happened when I was a very young lad, and during my vacation from school. It was at Homburg—the amusing Homburg of the old days made fashionable by good, gruff old George of Cambridge. I was there with my family, and Ronald Gower was staying at an adjoining hotel. Now, oddly enough, for a man of his blood and rank, Ronald was an arrant snob who was always bringing in a reference to some of the many great people he was in familiar touch with—“As the Queen of Wurtemberg wrote to me yesterday: as the King of Saxony told me at breakfast one morning: as Bismarck pointed out to me: as dear Queen Victoria is never tired of warning me”—that kind of thing. He would pour out for hours nonsense like that, without point or interest of any kind—only a careless and very familiar mention of the names of Kings, Queens and Princesses. One morning I was

walking in the Kursaal grounds with good-natured "Hippy" Damer, later Lord Portarlington, when we came across Ronald seated in the midst of a group of American ladies who were listening open-mouthed to the handsome son of a duke rattling forth all the biggest names in the first part of the *Almanach de Gotha*. He did not see us at first, but Damer, whose arm I had as we came up, whispered, "Listen to the ——." So we paused. Just then (I can remember the exact words as if it were yesterday) Ronald was finishing one of his pointless yarns as follows: "So I told Leopold"—he was speaking of the late King of the Belgians who, by the way, greatly disliked him, but made use of him—"I would see the Queen about it the moment I got back to England—go down to Windsor at once." Then he caught sight of us and called out. "I say, Hippy, old chap, how are you? I was in all right enough when you called yesterday at the Quatre Saisons" (as a matter of fact Damer was not calling on him at the hotel, but on old Princess Scheremetieff, the High Priestess of Homburg, and Gower only caught sight of him in the hall). "Why didn't you come up?"

“ Oh! ” said the cynical Hippy, with a grin,
“ I didn't like to come up, Ronny. ”

“ Why not ? ”

“ I was afraid I might find you engaged with
the Pope! ”

Homburg was an extraordinary and amusing place in those days and I think there never has been such an interesting pleasure resort, for Monte Carlo is too full of villains and blackguards of both sexes, and no one with any sense would dream of making a chance acquaintance there, although of course some do, and generally suffer for it if not warned in time by the all-wise Victor Bethell, grandson of that clever Chancellor, Lord Westbury, whom old Lord Dudley used to say was the biggest liar in the kingdom, and who airily explained how he had dealt with a case involving a question of unorthodoxy—“ dismissed Hell with costs. ” But Homburg in the old days was very different. Most of the people who flocked there from all parts of the world were, to say the least, well to do and of some importance in their own country ; and, of course, the place was packed with crowned heads, millionaires, powerful magnates, and states-

men ; even the minor fry were interesting. For example, I remember Jacobs of Simla, the original of Marion Crawford's " Mr. Isaacs," being there one year ; he was a magician if ever there was one, and a man I shall have something to say about later. And in this extraordinary gathering there was not much chance of finding yourself " palling up " with an adventurer, for society there was divided up into cliques or sets—the English, the German, the Russian, and so forth ; thus, as you would go from your own to another's only by introduction, you were generally safe enough.

But the scandal talked at Homburg was pungent enough to delight a regiment of Sneerwells, and hardly a week passed without some amusing episode taking place in some one of the coteries. Here is one among many. Baron Huddleston was a very agreeable man and full of fun (of course, I only knew him as a boy, and looked upon him with an awe Ballantine never inspired), but he was the most ridiculous snob, quite one of the last, I think, of the old-fashioned type of licker of noble boots. Everyone chaffed him about it, and when he married Lady Diana Beauclerk, witty things

were said that were wholly unfit for publication. Well, he arrived one day at Homburg with the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, and went at once to the newspaper office to have the arrival announced, giving instructions to have the names bracketed together of Herzog und Herzogin von Manchester, Herr Huddleston, Q.C., M.P., Hotel de Russie.

This announcement was to be put in every issue of the paper during the visit of these illustrious personages. But one day a very small boy in an Eton suit looked in at the newspaper office. "I thought I'd just call and tell you," explained this big collared babe of innocence, speaking excellent German, "that Mr. Huddleston's rather hurt by the way you put in his name." "Indeed, Sir, I am so sorry," exclaimed Fritz, the manager. "In what way can we have offended him?" "Well," said the boy, "you omit the titles he's best known by and most proud of." "Indeed, Sir," exclaimed the man, "if you will tell us how, we will rectify the mistake at once."

"Well, Q.C. is all right enough, of course, so is M.P. ; but if you'll give me a piece of paper and a pencil I'll just write down his other two best

known titles and then you won't make any mistake.”

The pencil and paper were brought and the following morning the *Gazette* contained :

“Herzog und Herzogin von Manchester, Herr Huddleston, Q.C., M.P., Tufthunter and Toady, Hotel de Russie.”

Copies of this newspaper are to be found even to-day in this country. The late Lord Portsmouth had one. Poor Huddleston made desperate attempts to discover the identity of the Eton boy who spoke German so well, but failed for the very simple reason that no such Etonian existed. The boy was an Austrian boy, one of the Palffys, in an Eton suit lent him by young Gathorne-Hardy, cousin of Lord Cranbrook.

A constant visitor to Homburg in those days was that brilliant officer, whose equestrian statue is at the top of Sloane Street, Lord Strathnairn. He was the most highly strung and nervous man I think I have ever met, and it was always a puzzle to me how he could be the brilliant cavalry officer that he undoubtedly was. One of the most extraordinary things about him was his detestation of women. He did not mind meeting

them in society, but he could not bear to have a woman near him in the ordinary way ; and he always gave strict orders at an hotel (I am referring to Paris years later, for I was a boy when first I met him at Homburg and don't know what he did then) that no woman was to be allowed to come into his rooms to do the usual domestic duties. His bed was made, slops emptied, carpet swept and all the rest of it by men ! There was nothing whatever against the gallant soldier's moral character, but he used to say that women near him made him feel ill, much in the same way as the presence of a cat affected Lord Roberts.

It was Strathnairn who, at Homburg, when I was nearly fifteen, introduced me to Jacobs of Simla, the original, as I have said, of Marion Crawford's " Mr. Isaacs." That this man possessed wonderful powers is beyond all question. He did things that no other man could do and in circumstances which precluded all possibility of any kind of trickery. For example, at his place in India, he would often walk on water before his guests when he gave a garden party. All the leaders and members of Indian Society, from the Viceroy

down, saw him do this, and do it repeatedly. Of this there can be no possible doubt, and most likely many who read these pages will remember having seen him do not only this strange thing, but many others—such as having quick communication, without any kind of physical apparatus, with people far away. Dhuleep Singh was afraid of him and told the late Lord Crawford he was possessed of the devil. But Crawford himself had a very sincere regard for Jacobs, and when poverty overtook the once wealthy old wizard, sent out money to him in India. But then, Lord Crawford was one of the most generous and kind-hearted of men. He paid Charley Buller's debts for him over and over again, and went up to Holloway himself once to get Charley out of prison, where he had been lodged by a well-known firm of hairdressers for ignoring a County Court judgment.

Speaking of people who get the credit of doing things which they haven't done, I always very strongly suspected Sarah Bernhardt's sculpturing. I have no positive proof that she did not do it (as in the case of Ronald Gower), but I never saw her do it, and I knew her very well for many

years. Further, I have never yet met any reliable person who ever saw her do any really serious modelling. Nothing is easier than to get a sculptor to begin the work: then when he goes, and the person whose bust you are supposed to be doing comes in, you can mess about the damp clay for a time and then say you are tired and stop the sitting. When the sitting is resumed next day, much progress will have been made in the interim, but again you will be tired after a little messing about! It is marvellous how long you can fiddle about on a bust or statue without doing really anything without that fact being observed. I asked Emile de Girardin if he had ever really seen Sarah do any serious work on her bust of him, and he said with a cynical smile, "Why, of course, not! *Tout cela c'est de la blague!*" Of course, I have seen lots of busts and things in her studio in the Rue Fortuny in different stages of development from time to time, and year by year seen them gradually completed and sent away to the Salon; and I have innumerable times seen Sarah messing them about, but I have never once seen any real progress made in any one of them under Sarah's hands, and my

experience of this kind of thing covers many years. But still, as I never had any positive proof of anyone else doing these things for her, I can't put my hand in the fire about it, as the French say.

CHAPTER III

"Tommy" Bowles. Futile "pumping." Pellegrini. Terrible dinner at Pagani's. The late Lord Burnham. Round Table at Evans's. Drama of the Poached Egg. Serjeant Ballantine. Great charm and tireless kindness of Lord Burnham. John Delacour. Lord Courtenay. His story of "la Chasse" in France. Ehrendall. Monte Carlo shares. Thomas Baring. Prince Constantine Radziwill. Macduff. Disappointment. Dominique Radziwill. Prince George of Greece. Stuart Cumberland lifts Prince and Czar in chair. Daniel Home. The late Lord Crawford and Lord Dunraven. Strange experiences. Princess Tchetvertinsky and hideous necklace. Home's strange power put to practical use.

I HAVE referred to Edmund Yates. This, my only acquaintance in the world of Fleet Street, with the exception of the late Lord Burnham of whom I shall speak later—for I don't count Labby who was really a diplomatist and only a journalist *pour s'amuser*—I owe to the late

“Tommy” Bowles of *Vanity Fair*. After our first meeting, Bowles rarely came to Paris without looking me up, for he was always in quest of gossip behind the scenes in the diplomatic world, and fondly imagined such an ingenuous youth as I then was, would be a rich fountain for him. But I fear he was mistaken; he tried his best, but in vain, and sometimes his very apparent disappointment was amusing. Knowing I always saw a great deal of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh and, in a lesser degree, the Duke of Albany, whenever they came to Paris, even if only for a few hours, and also that I was intimate with not a few of the leading statesmen, diplomatists, and wirepullers, not only in London and Paris, but much farther afield, Tommy would try artfully and delicately to pump me; but I fear he never got enough to satisfy the thirst of a consumptive flea. I was always glad to introduce him to anyone he wanted to know in Paris, but I also took care to tell them beforehand that he was a newspaper man, so I fear much of the information and gossip he got from such sources was not wholly reliable or of value. He had a wonderful secretary named Insull, who used to

come to Paris with him and who had even more ability than Tommy himself. He eventually left Tommy and joined Edison in America, and became a multi-millionaire.

Carlo Pellegrini's caricatures made *Vanity Fair*, not the letterpress ; and, when sober, the "Italian Signor " was very amusing with his tales—quite true, I believe—of his success in captivating the hearts of some of the *grandes dames* of London Society of those days ; but when drunk he was a thing to fly from. This we all did one night at a dinner given by the late Duke of Beaufort at Pagani's—a restaurant just started and, thanks to Pellegrini, rapidly becoming popular. I was in Buckinghamshire with Lord Downe (" Jane "), at that time in the 2nd Life Guards, and we both came up on purpose for this Bohemian banquet. At the close of the evening Pellegrini, who was drunk, began screaming at the top of his voice (and with such force that he could be heard not only outside but far down the street) his views on sexual matters coupled with well-known names to illustrate his meaning. " Jane "—a naturally modest man—and I fled for our lives, and very luckily, too, for the police came in and there would

have been trouble but for the universal popularity of that dearest and best of sportsmen, the Duke, our host.

But speaking of the late Duke of Beaufort and things theatrical and journalistic, leads me naturally to think of one of the most charming and lovable (there is no other word to use) men I have ever met. I refer to Edward Lawson, the late Lord Burnham, son of the founder of King Edward's favourite journal, the *Daily Telegraph*—"the only paper worth reading" was His Majesty's invariable description of that newspaper, as all who knew him will remember. I met Lawson, when I was a very callow youth, at Evans's in Covent Garden. In the old days there was in this famous basement music hall, a special round table in a corner (in the back part of the hall to the right as you faced the stage) always reserved by poor shambling, snuffy old Paddy Green for the Prince of Wales (should he by chance drop in) and his friends; and there the well-known Thomas waited and squeezed out from their jackets the floury, roasted potatoes to join the grilled kidneys about to be floated down the gastric canal on waves of Pomery. To that semi-royal trough, I, sweet, hectic

babe, fresh from the playing fields of Paris, was taken one night, covered with blushes, by Lockwood of the Rifles and the genial Jack Delacour and "Sugar" Candy. It was there and then that I was introduced to Mr. Edward Lawson by Lord Suffolk, whose hats by the way were always one of the sights of London, incredibly awful, as many of my readers will remember, looking as if they'd been fashioned by pickaxe and shovel and rolled over by a dozen or more buses. I have stated in *Uncensored Recollections* that a dog would have barked at Lord Hartington's canary coloured trousers; well, the same canine critic would assuredly have howled at the sight of the Suffolk and Berkshire hats. The usual gathering was at that table (minus the Prince, but then nobody waited for him there among his Bohemian friends, his chair alone being reserved) and I distinguished myself soon after arrival by letting a poached egg fall on Serjeant Ballantine's lap, as I tried to convey it to my plate. The heated words Ballantine addressed to me nearly broke my heart and anything might have happened that night but for the timely intervention of dear old Lawson who stuck up for me like a brick; and the result

was that the blushing boy and the stern Serjeant made it up and became fast friends. After that I saw a good deal of Edward Lawson in London, and also in Paris, where he and I passed many a very pleasant evening together. I don't think a kinder hearted man ever lived. He not only helped with his purse, but with his influence and with his advice, and this last was always invaluable, for I never knew a man with a more shrewd—almost indeed, uncanny—appreciation of future events, possibilities and probabilities. “ Go to Lawson ” was always my advice to anyone of real talent who came to me to ask about the best market for their wares, and an unbiased appreciation of their value. I did this so often that once I apologized to him for the multitude of “ earnest seekers ” I sent his way. “ That's nonsense, my dear boy,” was his kind reply. “ I like it. You never send me fools! ” None of the people I sent to him were beggars for money ; but of that class he always had a multitude at his gates, and I don't think any one of them ever went away empty handed. I used to wonder how even his large fortune could stand these perpetual calls on it, and I am sure that a mere list of the names of the

people, in the Bohemian world alone, befriended and helped in every way by Lawson would make a stout volume of many hundred pages.

The Prince of Wales was very fond of Lord Burnham, and so was the Duke of Edinburgh ; in fact, I think everyone was, especially the late Duke of Beaufort. Always kind, always shrewd, always glad (not willing only, but glad) to help ; and with it all, forever good-natured. I never saw him lose his temper, and I once heard the rudest man in England (of course, I have named Bernal Osborne) say things to him about H. M. Stanley that from anyone else would have provoked words of heat, not to say of phosphoric acid.

One of the *habitués* of the round table in the corner at Evans's was Lord Courtenay, eldest son of Lord Devon—descended from the Emperors of Constantinople as Gibbon tells us. Courtenay was himself rather an Oriental mystery. He was made bankrupt for an enormous sum, and yet never was in any way extravagant, at least so far as the world knew. He was a quiet but very clever man, and before his financial troubles, which the old Duchess of Montrose always said were the result of blackmail, was a great favourite

in the society of men not only in London but in Paris and in Vienna, in which last named capital he was made much of by the Princess Dietrichstein (mother of that very charming man, the Austrian Ambassador here at the outbreak of the recent war, Pouilly Mensdorff) and used to go about the Kaiserstadt with the leader of society there—oddly enough an Englishman and an Englishman of no birth—Smart by name and smart by nature and appearance.

Courtenay was a great mimic, and many of his yarns gave great pleasure to other good mimics—notably the Prince of Wales. There was one especially which the Prince was never tired of hearing and which was quite famous in those days in society. It was when the late Duke of Beaufort started hunting his own pack in France—in the Beauce, I think. Courtenay recounted some experiences of his own of *la Chasse* in France—true or false, who shall say?—but certainly very amusing, and especially so when acted by Courtenay as he spun the yarn. “Oh, Milord,” the *maître chasseur* is supposed to have said to him in an apologetic tone, “you must not expect to find with us the splendid *chasses* you

have in England—the fox, the deer, the otter, the grouse, the pheasant, the partridge—*que sais je ?* We cannot boast of such wonderful *chasses* here. But still we are not so badly off after all, and I can promise Milord really good sport though not on so magnificent a scale as he is used to. Here we have three hares—the father, the mother and the child.” Here a moment’s dramatic pause—then in a bold manly tone : “ Milord, one does not kill infants ! ” Then taking off his hat and putting his hand over his heart and speaking in a tone of reverent tenderness : “ Milord, no man of heart would touch the mother ! *Respectons la maternité !* But then we have the father ”—here his voice changed to a tone of cynical, triumphant cruelty—“ Oh, the father ! *vieux gredin ! Je l’ai chassé cent fois !* But this time, Milord, we’ll bag him ! *Nous le tuerons ! Nous le tuerons !* ” with a gesture full of tragic threat.

In connection with dear Edward Lawson I must chronicle an incident to illustrate the folly of a man who, like myself, knows nothing whatever about business venturing into that very special and somewhat tricky wood. Paris has ever been (and probably ever will be) the resort of clever

adventurers of all kinds—I shall have occasion to mention many such from time to time. I am now concerned with one very plausible member of that class—a German Jew named Ehrendall. He seemed to have plenty of money, took in poor Hubert Delamarre, who introduced him all over in the sporting world; and through the Duc de Castries I made his acquaintance. One day at the races at Longchamps, Marie Magmier, the actress, the *chère amie* of de Castries at that time (the Duke himself was in England for a few days down at Sandringham with the Prince and Princess of Wales) asked me what I thought of the man, told me in confidence that he had a large number of the Monte Carlo shares to sell—of course, most privately—and asked me if I knew anyone with plenty of ready money whom I could approach, and on whose discretion and silence I could count. As such shares were at that time not to be had for money (possibly not even for love) I naturally thought this was a great opportunity and one not to be missed. I would gladly have bought a few for myself, but Ehrendall said he could only sell a big parcel. So the thing now was for me to find a man who would buy the lot and then sell

to me what I could afford to buy—of course at the same price that he had paid, but still as a favour and in recognition of my having made possible for him such an unusually splendid investment. I wrote to Edward Lawson about it and told him the whole story. He wrote to me that he had got the man and was sending him over, and in a couple of days Mr. Thomas Baring appeared at the Hotel du Rhin. Of course, Baring had the necessary cash ready, but after all kinds of delays, Ehrendall wriggled out of it by saying his client had changed his mind and would not sell! Baring believed the man was acting in good faith, but personally I doubted it very much : and this doubt on my part made my subsequent stupidity all the more unpardonable.

One day, not long after the Baring fiasco, Ehrendall called on me and said he was at the other end of the stick now ; that he had a client rolling in money and dying to buy Monte Carlo shares ; could I get any ? To find a man eager to buy such shares was easy enough, for everyone was after them ; but this case was different ; the client was ready to pay a fancy price, and Ehrendall arranged that I should have

so many of the shares given to me in the almost impossible event of my finding an owner of a large number of such shares—who was willing to sell. This time I didn't appeal to Edward Lawson, but to Lord Macduff who, with Horace Farquhar, was in Paris at the time : and Macduff (I need hardly say he made it a strictly business transaction and a rather stiff one in its conditions) introduced me to Prince Constantine Radziwill who had married one of the Blanc girls. Constantine was a most extraordinary man ; deathly pale (I never saw a man with face so white—that is, a live one) and for the most part mute—listening, bowing his head, but hardly ever speaking, and, when he did, only saying “ Oui ” or “ Non ” or “ Parfaitement.” As I told Macduff, he was the kind of man who'd have been quite happy living alone with Poe's raven. What influence, direct or indirect, Macduff used I know not ; but something certainly must have been done to work the miracle, and at last (after a fortnight's delay) Prince Constantine consented to sell the required number of shares at the handsome price offered. To celebrate the occasion Macduff gave us a very bad and obviously cheap dinner at the Bristol

(the cooking there was never good) and Ehrendall was to start on the morrow for Brussels to bring up the money for the purchase. But the following morning he was seized with the most violent attack of hepatic colic (doubtless the result of the bad dinner!) and was delirious with pain. He was ill for some time and when he was able to get about again and went down to Brussels, he came back with the same old yarn—the client had invested his money elsewhere! Here again I was never quite sure whether the man was acting in good faith or not. It seemed odd to me; but then, on the other hand, he—at least so far as I knew—had nothing to gain by playing the fool. Macduff's language to me was like the bagpipes played in Hades by Mephistopheles not sober.

The white-faced and impassive Constantine Radziwill was the reverse of his younger brother, Prince Dominique, who was rather a lively youth. He was for a long time on the books of old Mme. Lacroix, of the Rue Pasquier, for a rich wife, but was eventually suitably mated to an American lady through the instrumentality of an American solicitor in Paris. Prince Constantine was connected by marriage with Prince George of Greece,

who married a grand-daughter of Blanc of Monte Carlo, and who was a big, fine, heavy man ; and yet I saw him once in Russia lifted up in a chair together with another big, heavy man, Alexander III—Prince George was seated on the arm of the chair and the Emperor in the chair—by that extraordinary person, Stuart Cumberland. He took both these abnormally big and heavy men, chair and all, from the floor and held them out as an ordinary man would lift a box of cigars. Many Russians still alive will remember the marvellous feat which was rendered all the more difficult owing to the fact that the Prince, seated on the arm of the fauteuil, made the whole thing lopsided, and that both he and the Czar were rocking with laughter.

A somewhat similar instance of, as it were, simply ignoring mere weight, was furnished by the wizard (for he was a wizard and a most repulsive one—at least to my mind), Daniel Dunglas Home, in London before a lot of scientific men who wanted to test his power. A very heavy beam (of course, the exact weight was known, and also the exact amount of power required to do what they wished done) was placed with just one extreme end of it resting on a raised trans-

verse beam. Home was then called in ; he merely touched with his finger the end of the heavy beam and up it went !

Home was the son of the 11th Lord Home and a chambermaid at the Queen's Hotel, Southampton, but was brought up in America. The late Lord Home knew he was his natural brother and was very friendly with him—in fact, they were photographed together. Lord Crawford, the father of the present peer, used to tell me extraordinary things about Home. One day, Crawford, then Lindsay, was seated in his rooms in his town house when suddenly all the bookcases went up to the ceiling and then dropped down again with such a thud that the footmen rushed up to see what was the matter. Lindsay ran round to South Audley Street where his friend, Lord Adare (now Dunraven who is still with us), lived, and found Home there levitated—that is, in mid-air !

In this connection, when Lindsay and Adare were with Home at Versailles at the close of the Franco-Prussian war, fifty odd years ago, there were all kinds of weird and uncanny manifestations.

Now Crawford, besides being a canny Scot and best of good fellows, was a scientific man of great eminence, and Home could not deceive him. Crawford always said that the man had a form of electro-biological power which as yet we do not understand—a somewhat nebulous explanation, reminding one of the famous—

“ Her spirit sweetly rolls

In the melody of souls :—

Which is pretty, but I don't know what it means.”

The lady who introduced Home to me in Russia was Princess Tchetvertinsky, sister of that extraordinary personality the Marchioness Origa, about whom one was never certain whether she was a man or a woman. She looked like a man, a big and coarse one, and acted like a man, but dressed like a woman and was married and had children! The Princess used his power over in Paris in a very practical way. She was staying at the Mirabeau—she used to drive me out to the Bois in a four-in-hand, lent her by Prince Orloff, then Russian Ambassador in the French capital, handling the ribbons like a professional—and was robbed of a very hideous amethyst and turquoise necklace (what a mixture!) given her by Nicholas I. She

sent for Home ; he fell into a trance ; gave an account of what had taken place—a waiter, I think, was the thief—and where the necklace could be found ; and, as Madame la Princesse had taken good care to have an Agent de Sureté in the room while Home lay vocally dreaming, the hints were noted down, acted on, proved correct, and the awful thing recovered. Why is not a medium employed at Scotland Yard ?

CHAPTER IV

The Beresford brothers. Lord William. Lilian Duchess of Marlborough. Her morbid sensitiveness. Mme. Pozzo di Borgo. Bet with Lord William. "Princes at the Tower." Lord Charles. His innate love of buffoonery. "Darling Mathilda." Trick on Queen Victoria. The Marquise d'Hervev de St. Denis. January and May. Her visit to London. Lord Charles, the sailor and the parrot. "G-r-r-rand." Sailor's remark. Hilarity of Lord Charles. Anger of Prince. Lord Charles, the street boy and policeman's helmet. "Prince of Wales." Dinner and supper given to Duke of Edinburgh in Paris by Prince Trauttmansdorff. "Nick" Esterházy and The Lamb. Boxes at Bal Masqué. My ankle. Ridiculous conduct of Lord Macduff and Horace Farquhar. Mysterious clown or harlequin. What S-o-u-p-e-r spells. I save the situation. The lady with the hands. Blow from Royal fist. "Don Magnifico's" bill. Charles Beresford unmasked. Royal argot. Lord Charles to Randolph Churchill.

AS I have already stated in *Uncensored Recollections*, Marcus was the nicest of the Beresford boys, excepting perhaps the youngest, Delaval; but then, although I knew

him very well, when he was a mere chicko, I never saw him after he left for America. He may have been, and very likely was, a brick (I always heard so), but my only recollection is of a very nice lad. I never cared much for Waterford nor for "Bill." This last named sportsman was one of the most comically and openly selfish men I have ever met. If he wanted a thing, he expected you to give it to him, and for no other reason than that he simply desired it. Most people are, of course, more or less selfish, but few think it wise to let their every act proclaim that they think the whole universe and its inhabitants were created solely for their use and amusement. But that was the theory of life of Lord William : the attitude he always assumed ; but he was so good humoured and pleasant about it that you couldn't for the life of you be angry with him. By way of illustration, he would take your watch from you, smilingly remarking that it could be of no possible use to you as you'd nothing to do, and that he needed just such a time-keeper ! This kind of thing got him into very serious trouble in Calcutta, as everyone knew at the time, and led to his hasty return to England. But he was an amiable man when he

got what he wanted, and lived happily enough with his American wife—Blandford's widow, a very silly woman who would sometimes "get on the nerves" of her second husband (she first married the half-witted Louis Hammersley), and getting on Blandford's nerves was like having a fox-trot with a cobra. I have said she was silly, and what I mean by that was that she was ridiculously sensitive to what people said about her, and actually at one time subscribed to a press cutting agency that she might see what the newspapers published concerning her. One instance of this sensitiveness would have been comic except for its tragic associations. Her husband the Duke was found one morning dead in his bed. The old Duchess Pozzo di Borgo said—of course in fun—"Probably that American wife of his killed him!" And this idiotic remark having found its way to Deepdene made the poor widowed Duchess so unhappy that she actually contemplated denying the allegation in the newspapers! With Bill Beresford her life was happy enough, but she was not the kind of woman ever to be popular in English society. Her only child by Lord William was a sickly boy who was brought up in an incu-

bator, and though carefully tended by his uncle Marcus, died when quite a young man. Bill Beresford was the most terrible fellow to get money from, although always very careful to see that you paid him on the nail. I had a bet with him once (he forced it on me) and he didn't pay up for three months, and then only because Marcus made him. The subject of the bet was silly enough. He had at Deepdene an engraving of Millais's "Princes at the Tower," and one evening when dining there I told him he knew the taller of the two youths. He swore by all the gods he didn't, and unhooked the picture from the wall to have a close examination of the figure to which I alluded. Then he positively bullied me into making a bet with him, although I told him quite frankly I was betting on a certainty. Still he insisted on the bet. So I told him (a fact perhaps but little known, but which I had from a friend of Millais) that the Princes were the two Dallas-Yorke children—the smaller being the boy, and the taller the present Duchess of Portland.

Charley, the next brother, was a born buffoon and was so from early boyhood, from the days

when he was a blushing (?) boy on the "Britannia," and later when a gallant midddy with Prince Alfred (Duke of Edinburgh), Lord Algy Lennox and other "sea urchins." I call it "buffoonery," because the fun of Lord Charles Beresford was always boisterous; when verbal, rude, though laughable—wholly lacking the delicate though "caustic" wit of dear Marcus: when active, generally horseplay of some kind, or practical joking. He delighted in calling the Duke of Edinburgh "darling Mathilda" for reasons I cannot chronicle, but which referred to midshipman days; and His Royal Highness never resented it, although he often laughingly threatened to kick him: to which threat Charley would also laughingly reply: "You dare, and I'll show you up in the papers!" There were all kinds of silly yarns current about Charley, some false and some true. When the Prince of Wales started housekeeping at Marlborough House, he invited his Royal mamma to come and look over it. The Prince had furnished a very comfortable *tabagie* or smoking room—as many will remember—and had quite forgotten the fact that the Queen absolutely abhorred smoking and would not tolerate it at

any of her residences. This well-known fact only flashed to the Prince's memory when the Queen was actually in the house and beginning her very careful and critical inspection of the rooms. What was to be done? There was sure to be trouble. He communicated his fears to Charley Beresford, of whom, oddly enough, the Queen was very fond, and that resourceful young tar murmured, "Leave it to me, I'll see it's all right." Then he disappeared. When at length, and in an agony of dread, the young Prince piloted his august mother to the fatal door, they found written on it in chalk, "Lavatory. Under repair," and in consequence the Queen sailed past the portal serenely.

Here is another instance (of which I was personally witness) of the very unconventional way Lord Charles treated the Prince, an attitude which eventually caused the Prince to break with him; and for many months they never spoke. But that was much later than the time I am now alluding to. Among the many charming and beautiful ladies whom the Prince admired the Marquise d'Hervey de St. Denis was certainly not the least attractive. She was partly English, and

of the family of that Yorkshire stable boy Ward who became Prime Minister of the Grand Duchy of Lucca and of Parma. She was married to a famous savant, old enough to be her grandfather. They were called January and May, just as old Mark Pattison, the Rector of Lincoln, and his young wife, afterwards Lady Dilke, were nicknamed; and she was as beautiful as she was clever. The Prince saw a great deal of *la belle Marquise* in Paris, and it was on the occasion of one of her rare visits to London that the ridiculous episode happened that I shall now narrate. She had asked Beresford to take a flat for her in some quiet neighbourhood—she was only over for a week and incognita—and he did so, in the most remote fastnesses of the Notting Hill quarter where the Gospel has not yet been preached and the people still wear loin cloths. Beresford and I met her at Charing Cross and piloted her to the desert place apart, and I came as an old Parisian the following morning to breakfast with her. Shortly after breakfast the Prince arrived, and he asked me to wait for him, as he had something specially to say to me, adding, “You’ll find Charley down there. I shan’t keep you waiting.”

So down to the street I went, and there, indeed, I found Beresford in earnest converse with a sailor who had just passed by, and who had a parrot to sell. While these two gallant tars were discussing parrots and their home—of course, I don't necessarily mean the House of Commons—and matters nautical, the Prince arrived. The sailor didn't recognize him, neither did the passers-by. "Very nice parrot, Sir," said Beresford. He and the gallant tar had been wrangling about something, and so when the Prince drew near, the sailor scowled. He felt sure this well-dressed "toff" wouldn't buy his bird, and that further parley was waste of time. "G-r-r-rand," said the Prince, rolling his "r's" as was his wont, in reply to Beresford. Then to the sailor: "Does your par-r-rot talk?" The man looked at him scornfully. "Talk!" he echoed. "Why, if the b—— bird didn't talk plainer than you, I'd wring 'is bloomin' neck!" Charley Beresford burst out into a roar of laughter, making such a noise that people stopped. The Prince was very angry—very angry indeed—and, motioning me to accompany him, strode away. The sailor's remark amused him immensely, but the boisterous hilarity

of Lord Charles annoyed him beyond measure. The truth is that the free and easy familiarity, born of the great intimacy of boyhood in the Navy, which the Duke of Edinburgh not only tolerated but liked from Charley Beresford, was resented by the Prince of Wales, and I must say very properly so.

But speaking of Charley Beresford and street episodes reminds me of a funny story (now a chestnut) his brother Marcus used to tell about him. One night he was walking with (I think) "Joey" Aylesford, when he stopped a cheeky-looking street boy and said, "See here, boy : I'll give you this sovereign if you'll knock that bobby's helmet off. Will you ? " The boy looked at the policeman, then at the coin and said "Yus." "Well, I'll trust you," said Charley, and gave him the money. The boy pocketed it, rushed at the constable, knocked off his helmet, and then fled for his life, but was caught and dragged off to the police station, his tempters following. The constable made his charge, and then Charley stepped forward. "I should like to explain——" he began. But the Inspector interrupted him roughly : "Who are you ? " "I'm Lord Charles Beresford," was the

reply. The Inspector frowned. "And who are you?" he asked, addressing the other man. "I'm Lord Aylesford!" The Inspector glared and then turned to the boy. "What's *your* name?" The *gavroche* looked at his two pals in white ties and opera hats, grinned, winked, and replied, "Prince of Wales!"

But of all Charley Beresford's innumerable buffooneries I think those he indulged in many years ago in Paris on the occasion of a dinner and supper given to the Duke of Edinburgh can claim to be among the most "priceless," to use a vile modern vulgarism. Prince Trauttmansdorff was our host. Macduff, Horace Farquhar, Charley Beresford and myself were, with the exception of the Royal Duke to whom the dinner was given, the only Englishmen present; and Count André, President of the Prussian Jockey Club, and big, gaunt, good-natured Prince Nicholas Esterházy (who came to grief riding the peerless steeplechaser, The Lamb, on the Iffezheim Course at Baden, to the desolation of André, myself, Louise Duchess of Manchester and many others) completed the party. The dinner was at the Maison Dorée in the days of old

Verdier ; so needless to say it was perfect from egg to apple ; and liquids, ditto, as they'd say in Chicago. It was a Bal Masqué night, and our host (Don Magnifico as he was called) had taken for us at the Opera House two of the big boxes, with salons at the back, which, oddly enough, were not contiguous but opposite each other. I remember this particularly well, because I had sprained my ankle some days before, and as it caused me pain, I had, with the permission of the Duke, who was in our box, taken off my boot and was reclining on a sofa, while Macduff and Farquhar in the box at the other side of the house were making the most ridiculous faces and gestures across to me, for my sofa and I took up nearly the entire front of the box, the other occupants of it being in the salon at the back drinking and smoking. Suddenly Charley Beresford disappeared. I have forgotten to mention that we were all to return together to the Maison Dorée for supper. It gradually became a bore watching the dancers masked and in fancy dress prancing about the floor, and Trauttmansdorff suggested to the Duke of Edinburgh that they should go out together and see the fun going on

in the foyer. So Nick Esterházy and I were left alone together. Presently the others came back, rather excited, and the Duke greatly amused. A masked clown or harlequin, I forget which, had been belabouring him over the back with a soft bludgeon filled with white powder, and the coat of His Royal Highness looked like that of a miller. After a rest and a drink the Duke of Edinburgh went out again, but this time Esterházy went with him and our host remained with me. Then I casually asked "What women have you got coming to supper?" "Women," echoed Trauttmansdorff, "Why, none!" "Grand Dieu!" I exclaimed. "Why, mon cher Prince, a supper without women is like a wedding without a bride. Other meals may or may not be sexless, but s-o-u-p-e-r spells f-e-m-m-e." Just then the others came back. The Duke had been belaboured worse than before. Then Macduff came in. I told them about the impending skirtless meal, and pretended to be so horrified that they all sided with me, chiefly, of course, out of mischief. Poor Don Magnifico was in despair. What was to be done? It was too late to get any decent women—about four in the morning. Horace

Farquhar suggested that as I had raised the hullabaloo I ought to be the one to solve the problem. "Well," I said, "if you'll leave it to me, I'll see what I can do." Don Magnifico consented, so I left the sofa and sallied forth into the foyer without taking the trouble to put on my boot. Of course, all the women were masked and wore dominos, but as I was unmasked three Cyprian priestesses whom I knew flocked up to my protecting wing, and made themselves known to me without unmasking. As they were all pretty and charming, I told them the situation, without mentioning the personality of the Duke of Edinburgh, or, indeed, of anybody except Trauttmansdorff, and told them to be at the Maison Dorée in an hour. They eagerly accepted, but there was still a woman, a fourth, to be found. I think all lovers of ladies are to some extent endowed with X-rayey eyes. I was only twenty-two; my Röntgen faculty was fresh and acute, and so I could read through the clumsy, form-shrouding dominos whether the fair lady so draped was young or not. Of course, there were thousands there, and the sight of a mere lad with one foot in a boot and the other covered only by

a crimson silk sock attracted no little attention. I soon became as a sweet rosebud with a graceful swarm of masked and domino'd bees buzzing about me. I chose one, drew her aside, and said, "I don't ask you to unmask; in fact, I'd rather you didn't; but will you take off your gloves so that I can look at your hands, and if they're pretty, as I am sure they are, you shall come to supper with me and a lot of amusing people."

The hands were all right, so I gave her the same appointment as I'd given the others. Then I went back to our box, and narrated my adventures to the general amusement. We had all been drinking and were somewhat excited. What had become of Charley Beresford? Mystery! It was soon time to go, so we all strolled up on foot in the early dawn from the Opera House to the restaurant—not far.

I remember a funny incident that occurred on that pilgrimage. The Duke of Edinburgh was one of those men who, when you make them laugh, give you a playful blow or push. I was walking with him alone and behind all the others. I was rather unsteady owing to my ankle (I had, of course, been forced to put my boot on), and

so when I said something very grotesque to His Royal Highness (I remember very well what it was, but am reserving it for the *Christian World*) he looked at me, burst out laughing, and gave me a push or rather blow that sent me reeling up against a shop window. Luckily the shutters were up still, or I should have gone through. We found all the ladies and Lord Charles waiting for us. When my lady of the hands unmasked, we found she was not very pretty, but she was clever and amusing and really better fun than the other ladies, who were, however, all of *la haute bicherie*. Then a comic incident occurred. The wine had been put in the ice-pails too long before, and some of the bottles were frozen. Macduff, very thirsty, seized one and crammed it up between his legs to unfreeze it! I dragged it away from him telling him the ice would freeze his spine! All the frozen bottles were removed and replaced. By the way, that evening—dinner, opera boxes, supper—cost Trauttmansdorff £500. I heard this and didn't believe it, but a week later I asked Verdier and he said it was correct. What an expensive evening, and what a very dull and stupid one! What cost the most, of course, were the

wines and the flowers. It was mid-winter and the *cabinet particulier* was profusely decorated with flowers. There was no table cloth, and flowers took its place—space being left for the plates and glasses; and this big bed of most beautiful flowers from the Riviera, which served as a table covering for the dinner, was changed to another covering of the same kind, but of different flowers, for the supper. Don Magnifico delighted in pouring out his money like water, but he always did it with good taste. But how about the buffoonery of Charley Beresford? the reader will ask. Well, as may be suspected, he was the masked clown or harlequin who had belaboured his old chum in the Navy. Esterházy discovered this by recognizing a ring both Beresford and the harlequin wore. He told the Duke, who (just to mystify Esterházy) pretended to be horrified and shocked, and when Beresford appeared at the Bristol—I was in the room at the time with Esterházy and Macduff—glared at him as if furious and exclaimed in English: “You villain! I know all! Someone has unmasked you!” Then in French, and in the thieves’ slang which it was just then the silly fashion to talk, and which the

Duke spoke better than anyone else I ever heard, he continued : “ Allons ! t’effarouche pas, mon p’tit dab, et ne te colle pas des durillons sur la cafetière a force de chercher. Y’a pas longtemps que je t’ai su,—et j’en suis resté comme deux ronds de saucissons—espèce de niquedouille ! ”

But Charley Beresford could be sometimes more than a mere buffoon ; and, although he certainly had not the wit of his brother Marcus, his reply to Randolph Churchill’s patronizing remark, “ Capital speech that of yours, Charley, very good speech indeed ; but you don’t *look* like a statesman,” is almost as good as anything Marky ever said, “ I dare say not, Randy : no more than you look like a weathercock ! ”

CHAPTER V

Strahan as ballet dancer. Lord Charles Beresford's practical jokes. Christopher Sykes. Lord Marcus Beresford and member of the Turf Club. A well-known man's Billingsgate. My harmless plot to catch the Prince of Wales.

IN *Uncensored Recollections* I have spoken of Strahan. He was a great personality in the set of Englishmen living in Paris who were friends of the Prince of Wales and of the Duke of Edinburgh. He was a very amusing man, and in his good-humoured, jolly way more like a boy than a man. He was not tall, and somewhat inclined to be fat, but he was nevertheless not without a certain grace. One night, after a dinner given to a lot of the leading *demi-mondaines* of Paris by the late Duke of Beaufort, Strahan offered to show us how Rosita Mauri danced the

famous "pas de la Sabotière" in *La Korrigane*. The dear old Duke was not particularly keen to see it, but all the cocottes were; so Strahan got up and started off, and in his hand he had his big everlasting meerschaum pipe which he gracefully waved about as he whistled the familiar air to which the dainty Rosita used slowly to come, clicking her heels, on the stage at the Opera. Strahan did it remarkably well, and his performance greatly delighted the Duke of Edinburgh, who was present, and all the ladies. Then somebody (I think it was Prince Louis Murat) suggested that Strahan should give us something out of *Excelsior*—that lovely ballet at the Eden Theatre about which everyone at the time was very enthusiastic, and that I should accompany him! This was, as our coster friends say, "Comin' it a bit too thick," and I very distinctly and decidedly "wasn't 'avin' none," although vehemently, and with his usual picturesque and forcible language, urged to do so by my Sovereign's second son. Indeed, such pressure was brought to bear on me that it is possible I might have yielded, but at that moment Lord Charles Beresford and Raymond Seillière came in, and

the amiable "Charley," when he heard what the clamour was about, offered to take my place and dance with Strahan (Lord Dupplin was at the piano), which he did, and did it far more ludicrously than I should have done it, for he had only seen the ballet two or three times, whereas I had seen it at least twenty, and knew every bar of the music and every twist of the dancers' legs by heart.

Among Charley Beresford's many gifts was one for making very comical doggerel verses, and I once laughingly recommended Mrs. Ronalds to introduce him to Arthur Sullivan, as a good substitute for that cross-grained, ill-mannered boor, Gilbert; adding, I remember, "and he would be much cheaper." But in this statement I fear I may have been wrong perhaps, for Master Charley, with all his breezy ways, knew the value of a ducat as well as any Jew on the Rialto.

He was the ringleader of a very silly, not to say offensive, clique of practical jokers. One of their favourite pastimes would be to pretend at a country house to retire early, and then when the ladies began to ascend the stairs to go to their rooms, they would be pelted with all kinds of

articles of a more or less intimate, personal, or domestic character : socks, pants, jerseys, pyjamas, would come floating down from above ; brushes, combs, boots, etc., etc., come rattling about. On one memorable occasion poor Christopher Sykes was a victim of such horseplay. Now, although not, of course, quite so eccentric as his brother, the late Sir Tatton Sykes, Christopher was not quite as the majority of men as regards mentality. But he was good-natured, rich, and gave good dinners in his pretty house in Seamore Place (afterwards inhabited by Alfred Rothschild) and so much was forgiven him. Among his many foibles was his great adoration of Royalty, and no doubt many who read these lines will remember the awful medallion portrait of the Duke of Cambridge which Christopher used to wear as a pin for his tie as he would go sauntering down Piccadilly with his hat on the back of his head. The Prince of Wales tolerated him, but did not care for him much ; he was stupid, and the Prince being very clever himself, liked clever men and women—people who at least, if not really clever, were amusing, and no drunken rhinoceros would ever have called Christopher

Sykes amusing—except perhaps satirically. Well, one day to his delight, Christopher was invited up North to a house to meet the Prince—it was a pre-arranged plot to my certain and personal knowledge—and on his arrival he was treated with exceptional cordiality by His Royal Highness. The following morning, very early, almost at dawn, Charley Beresford rushed into his bedroom very excited and said : “ I say, Sykes, get up at once, Tum Tum wants to see you directly minute ” (a favourite expression of his), “ so hustle, old cock—perhaps the Crown’s in danger ! ” Then he retired. Up jumped Christopher and dashed to the door, plunging into his dressing gown as he went, but as he left the room he tripped over a cord put there on purpose, and fell head over heels into a big bath-tub full of cold water ! This was too much even for Christopher who, deeply mortified, left without even taking leave of his host. But a day or two afterwards there appeared in the agony column of one of the newspapers the following, of which Beresford was the author : “ If C.S. will return to his loving friends at S. all past offences will be forgiven and forgotten. A.E.”

But funny as Lord Charles undoubtedly was,

I always thought that in real wit and satirical humour, his brother Marcus, prince of good fellows, far surpassed him. The following, though perhaps somewhat of a chestnut, will illustrate my meaning and shows an irony worthy of the great Dean of St. Patrick himself. A certain person had been passed over at the Turf Club, but shortly afterwards, his proposer succeeded in getting him elected. In great satisfaction he went to the Club and found his way into a room where some members were playing cards. One of these men, famous for his sudden and unconscious lapses into bad language, although, as a matter of fact, always of a sour and disagreeable nature, looked up and frowned at the newcomer and growled out : “ What the devil are you doing here ? ”

“ Doing here ? What do you mean ? I’ve just been elected ! ”

“ Good God, how awful ! ” exclaimed the other ; and then, putting down his cards, he said very gravely : “ Look here. I’ll give you five hundred to take your name off the list ! ” The newly-elected member glared at him, slammed the door without replying, and was going downstairs when he met Lord Marcus coming up. “ What’s the

matter with you, X, you look upset ? ” said the genial Marky. Then the other told him that he’d been elected, and how he’d just been grossly insulted by the man playing cards. Lord Marcus mused for a while, mock seriousness overspreading his good-natured face as he studied the countenance of his companion, and then said : “ He offered you five hundred, did he.”

“ Yes, damn him.”

“ Well,” said Marcus very blandly as he passed up the stairs, “ sit tight, X, sit tight : and I dare say he’ll make it a thousand ! ”

As I have said, the man who might have made it a thousand, according to Marcus Beresford, had a most extraordinary way of suddenly (and no doubt quite unconsciously) lapsing into the most vile language ; and this was rendered all the more ludicrous by a stutter that always accompanied his Billingsgate. It was known to be done quite unintentionally, and so was forgiven. Here are two instances of this peculiar failing. At a certain country house there is a very extraordinary clock ; it chimes and rings and all that kind of thing, and at mid-day out come puppets representing the twelve Apostles, who march round and

then return to the clock and get shut in again as the last stroke of twelve is heard. Well, the morning after the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales (the man I am speaking of came down the same night), the whole house party went at mid-day to hear this wonderful clock, and to see the strange procession of the twelve Apostles. The man in question had the Princess of Wales on his right as everybody stood before the clock and waited. Punctually at mid-day, the whizzing and ringing and chiming began; out marched the twelve Apostles, made their circuit as usual, and then went back and were shut in with a snap. For a moment all was silence. Then the man of vile language, whose mouth had been wide open with astonishment, turned to the Royal lady by his side and stuttered: "Why, it's like a blank cathedral, ain't it."

Not many months later, while playing cards in Scotland with the late Duchess of Atholl (*née* Moncreiffe) as his partner, he suddenly stopped and, to the consternation of all, exclaimed, addressing the Duchess, "Why, you d—d little fool, you've revoked!"

I remember once making use of Marcus Beresford for my own special purpose. It was in Paris, and like this. I had, as everyone had, noticed how rapidly the face of the Prince of Wales was becoming wrinkled, and although I was of course aware that the skin of fair people wrinkles more easily than that of darker persons, and that the skin of our Royal Family is notoriously very tender and thin (I don't, of course, mean this in a metaphorical sense); but all that could hardly account for the great rapidity with which the Prince's face had become marked all over. I knew the real reason; he was in the habit of washing his face with soap; this I knew for I had on one occasion seen him do it. Now soap on the face is a mistake. Most people wash their face at least four times a day, and if tepid or even cold water and a good sponge and towel are used, soap is not necessary. And soap, no matter how good, spoils the skin of the face, or rather dries it, and thus renders it liable to wrinkle. Now I knew this, and I desired to tell the Prince: but I did not of course want to make a personal remark. So I begged Marky just to say something to the Prince about Mme. de M. F., in my presence,

and he would see for himself why, when I spoke. Marcus, knowing that I would not play any monkey tricks, did as I asked and said : “ I met the Duchess of —— yesterday, Sir.” “ Indeed,” replied the Prince. “ That reminds me, I must go and see her.” Then I managed to chime in : “ She’s looking very old, Sir.”

“ How’s that, she’s not old.”

“ No, Sir, but her face is getting covered with wrinkles, and I know why! ”

The Prince swallowed the bait at once.

“ How’s that ? Why ? ”

“ Because she washes her face with soap, Sir. Soap on the face is fatal. It brings wrinkles. It would bring wrinkles on a gorilla! ”

“ Good God! Is that it, do you think ? ”

Then turning to Beresford who, seeing my artfulness, had begun to smile, the Prince said, “ Why, Marky, I wash my face with soap, don’t I ? ”

CHAPTER VI

Prince of Wales. Prince Joseph Lubomirski. My "black pudding" quotation. The Prince and a penny. Duke of Lancaster. Baron Raymond Seillière. His bill. M. de Bois Lucy. Seillière's trick. My revenge.

THE Prince of Wales was very well read, and he appreciated anything that savoured of literary knowledge—if used lightly, of course, and with nothing of the *Précieux* about it—in general conversation. Knowing this, I not infrequently prepared harmless little literary allusions which I would bring carelessly into my remarks—and rarely without good effect. The following was one of my most successful efforts in this way—very silly, of course, but pleasing to the ear I sought to please. Prince

Joseph Lubomirski, a clever but very impecunious man, had at last, by sheer lack of ready money, been compelled to marry, to give his splendid name to the widow Boyer, the very rich proprietress of the well-known Eau de Melisse des Carmes. The Prince of Wales knew Joseph Lubomirski very well, and so did I; and when Raymond Seillière was telling the Prince one day at the Bristol in Paris of this awful *mésalliance*, I remarked, "That's what Bacon called a black pudding marriage—he bringing the blood and the other the sack of oatmeal!" "Did Bacon say that?" exclaimed the Prince. "That's very clever, isn't it, Seillière." But as that half-crazy scoundrel hated me and knew that I detested him (for he had cheated me) he evaded adding to the commendation. The Prince was greatly pleased with this black pudding quotation of mine and referred to it very often and for a long time to all kinds of people, always kindly referring to me as having brought it to his notice. So this is how I caught the future King of England in my ridiculous little trap—one of the many instances, for I often prepared similar literary allusions for his special benefit, and usually hit

the mark. The Prince was remarkably well informed in a general way, and whenever anything came to his knowledge that he thought but little known and useful, he would store it away and bring it out at the appropriate moment. For example, he once said in my presence to Lord Dupplin, "It will only cost you six Eddystones, Duppy." Duppy looked astonished and said "I don't understand, Sir."

"Well, then, six lighthouses if you like that better."

Still George Dupplin looked bewildered, and then the Prince laughed and said, "Haven't you ever looked at a penny?" (referring to the pennies with the head of Queen Victoria when young).

"Yes, Sir, of course I have."

"Well, haven't you ever seen a lighthouse on it?"

"I've not noticed it, Sir."

"Ah, that's because you're a millionaire! Well, look and see: you'll find a lighthouse just behind Britannia—that's the Eddystone!"

It was a score for the Prince. That almost invisible thing on a penny of the period *is* a lighthouse: and the Eddystone. Not one man in

a million knows this. Then again, the Prince told Mr. Lowell, the American Ambassador in London, that if the King of England should lose his crown, he would still retain his title of Duke of Lancaster. This Lowell told me afterwards was a fact but very little known. And even as I write these lines the memory comes to me of the Prince having once said to me that Dean Stanley had told him when he, a youth, was travelling with the divine, that the Dragon which St. George is destroying on our golden sovereign is Athanasius! This again is a fact about a sovereign which I had from a Sovereign, and which I think is but little known. I record the statement for what it is worth, and do not know why St. George should be represented as slaying the "Father of Orthodoxy."

I have referred to Raymond Seillière as a scoundrel. He was certainly all that: and in every respect he was, I think, one of the most repulsive personalities I have ever come across. Personally he was so dirty (hands like a collier) that it was offensive to sit near him, and his morals, like snakes in Ireland, were simply non-existent. His sister, the Princess de Sagan (the

resourceful Jeanne—a great friend of mine), was afraid of him; but I am inclined to think that on the whole the only good trait in his character was that he was a good brother in his way, perhaps partly owing to the fact of her being a friend of the Prince of Wales. Raymond had a hideous passion for ruining poor little helpless girls (like a recently deceased well-known millionaire, who also, by the way, smelt so vilely that he always kept a cigar in his mouth so that people could chat to him without nausea), and in consequence was, of course, blackmailed for ever and a day. But Raymond did a little blackmailing on his own account. A friend of mine, Lord D., could not pay up at the Jockey Club, and would have been posted and expelled. Seillière paid for him, but poor D. never heard the end of it, and was his slave for life, and had to obey him like a dog. I spoke to the late Duke of Beaufort about it; he talked with Lord D. and offered to pay Seillière, but D. refused. There was something very mysterious about it all—something beneath the surface, for the tyranny continued, and I have actually seen Seillière compel Lord D. to leave the dinner table

and go and do an errand for him which, in any circumstances, must have been very distasteful to D.

Once Seillière tried to cheat me. This is what he did. I had obtained (through the influence of someone who could do as she liked with Jules Ferry) the right to light one of the most important provincial towns of France with a special light. I had four other men with me : three Frenchmen and a Scottish peer. We did not have enough money to see the thing through ourselves, for there was no end of backsheesh to be paid ; but I only had to wait a little while, for the Duke of Hamilton would have helped me like a shot (he happened to be ill just then and in England). Raymond Seillière happened to hear of this, and knowing it was a good thing, came to see me and offered to lend us the money on a bill at three months, he, of course, to have a certain share for his assistance. Like a fool I accepted the offer (I have never known much about business and never want to) and we gave the bill. Seillière let me have his bill in exchange and told me where to get it discounted (for I supposed I had to be careful not to hawk the bill of a member of the firm of

De Machy and Seillière, Regents of the Bank of France).

I went where he told me to go—to a M. de Bois Lucy in the Rue Taitbout (by the way, I can never forget the very appropriate and encouraging name of his confidential secretary, M. Million!), and found a most charming man with whom I had a very amusing interview, although I was, alas, forced to leave much plumage on the field. M. de Bois Lucy was a very distinguished looking, handsome man and looked more like a cavalry officer than a financier, and when I told him what I had come about he began by laughing, and said casually, “ You know, of course, that your friend Baron Raymond Seillière is one of the biggest blackguards in Paris! ” This was a nice opening for a financial discussion. “ Well,” I said, “ this is not a question of morality but of cash. I suppose he is very many times worth treble that amount.”

“ He may or may not be. He’s always being bled white (*saigné à blanc*) by blackmailers : and when men are half-way in the criminal dock like that, one doesn’t know what to think. Now, how much do you want for this bill ? ”

I mentioned the entire sum, less five per cent.

for the three months. "Oh, never," exclaimed Bois Lucy, at the same time offering me a cigar. "You're mad. I couldn't do that." "But they're Regents of the Bank of France," I said, "and this is the signature of the firm, not of the Baron only." "Quite right," laughed Bois Lucy, "but his partner, De Machy, hates him; this bill is given to a private friend for private reasons, or I should say to benefit Baron Raymond alone, and not the Banking House. So if anything went wrong and you didn't light up the place properly, or anything of that kind, there would be the devil to pay. De Machy would fight like a tiger; there might be litigation, and certainly scandal; and I might have to wait for my money or even lose it. *Qui sait?*"

I admired the man's cheek and bluff and had to smile. Bois Lucy unlocked a safe; took out a bundle of bank-notes and tossed them over to me. "That's all I can do for you," he said, "if that's not enough you must take back the bill and go elsewhere!" I counted the notes—twenty per cent. for three months! "I say," I cried laughingly, for it was impossible not to like this fine-looking smiling man whose careless

impudence was most amusing. "This is too bad! I can't stick this—I really must have some more." Bois Lucy shook his head, laughed; then, as if suddenly relenting, he seized another bundle of notes and tossed it to me. "Well, I'll add that: and I only do so because I like you personally. But not another penny. Take back your bill." And he closed his safe and came up to me smiling and holding out the bill for me to take back if I liked. Of course, I did *not* take it back. I wanted the money for this deal very badly. What he now gave me brought the interest to above seventeen per cent. for the three months; but the sight of all the money lying there ready for me to take up and put in my pocket (it was not a small sum) was too much for me, and I accepted, pocketed the money and departed, the best of friends with the very charming man who had so undeniably got the better of me.

Now everything went on splendidly; the money was not quite enough (it never is in such amateur business deals) and so we had to work more slowly than we intended doing. But still we were getting on splendidly—not a hitch. The bill would be coming due soon, and would, if not

renewed, have to be paid, and we hadn't got the money. But that didn't worry me in the least, for the Duke of Hamilton had turned up in the meanwhile, liked the idea, and told me I could have the money I required. So I was quite easy about the bill. Now, of course, what I ought to have done was to have taken the Duke's money, and paid off Seillière : but this I did not care to do ; it seemed almost like acting shabbily to get rid of Seillière (for it had been stipulated that if the money were repaid to him before the completion of the business, his share should be much less). So I wrote to him, told him I could have all I wanted from the Duke and would pay him back on maturity if he did not care to renew the bill, but begged him to let me know at once as the Duke was going back to Scotland in a few days. Seillière never answered me ; time went on, and he kept out of my way although I called and wired. The Duke left, but gave me an address to wire to if I wanted his help. The bill was due on a Monday. On the preceding Sunday I ran Seillière to earth at last on the racecourse at Longchamps. He apologized, and gave some excuse for not answering, gave me his word of honour that he

would renew the bill on the morrow, thanked me for giving him the opportunity of doing so and thus remaining in the scheme, which he knew from the Préfet of that Department was on the point of being a great success. He even went so far, in order to hoodwink me further, as to give Lord D., who was with me during the conversation, verbal instructions to go the first thing in the morning to his *homme d'affaires*—a man named Tuat—and see that the bill was brought to me to be renewed. So I went home quite content. The following morning the bill was presented (contrary to his promise) and, of course, was not met. Seillière took immediate proceedings and seized the works! All this was done before mid-day, and I heard nothing about it till that evening! It was too late to do anything. No money could clear the situation, so it was idle wiring to the Duke of Hamilton. The blackguard had taken possession of everything as the bill had not been met, and Lord D. confessed to me, when I taxed him with duplicity, that that very Sunday, and before leaving the racecourse, Seillière had told him not to go near Tuat, and *not to tell me!* Poor D. was in his power and had to do as he was

told. Personally, I did not care much, but one of the young Frenchmen with me, Lacrois, was heartbroken; and, although I am quite the reverse of a vindictive man, I determined to punish Master Raymond: so, after using terrible language to him at Voisins (which he didn't mind in the least) I carefully went to work to destroy his plots and plans in connection with the scheme; and using the influence of the lady who had made Jules Ferry give us the concession, I soon upset Seillière; and what would have been a big success, had he acted like a man of honour and stayed with us, I converted into a big fiasco which cost him over two million francs.

CHAPTER VII

Successful men after being condemned to death. Count Andrassy. His present of Imperial Tokay. People affected by it. Swinburne. Lord Wiltshire. Augustus Lumley. Camille Barrère. The Arts Club. Dr. T. H. Newman. How Bellini died. Newman and the value of his reputation. Some of Newman's Oxford yarns. Dr. Wynter of St. John's. The great Jowett. "You must find God before 3." The Oxford Guide and the Master of Balliol. Swinburne at Balliol. Sequestrated by Watts Dunton. Swinburne's amours all imaginary. Adah Isaacs Menken. Dumas' and Menken's photograph together. Menken's death. Swinburne's enthusiasms. Trelawny and Shelley. Swinburne and Landor. Swinburne's reformation by Watts Dunton. Dances a horn-pipe on his caricature in *Vanity Fair*.

IT must certainly be a matter of rare occurrence that a man finds himself occupying a high official position in a country where, but a short time before, he was condemned to death. Yet that took place twice during the last half

of the last century. Count Andrassy found himself Prime Minister of the very Sovereign in whose reign he had (of course, *in contumaciam*) been condemned to the death penalty; and Camille Barrère, for so long a time the popular French Ambassador in Rome, was condemned to death under the Presidency of Adolphe Thiers for his participation in the Commune. Count Andrassy I never spoke to, although I have very often been in the same salons with him both in Paris and Vienna, but I have a shameful confession to make with which he is connected. Travelling abroad—in Switzerland, I think, but am not sure—my uncle met a most delightful fellow-traveller. They took to each other at once and joined forces—they were both travelling alone—and became great friends. Neither of them took the trouble to ask the name of the other, for each saw the other was a gentleman; they had mutual tastes and views and sympathies; and so the names were of no importance. But on parting, after passing many days together, each expressed a wish to keep in touch with the other, and of course names had to be given. My uncle's companion was Count Andrassy. They corresponded;

my uncle was invited to Vienna but never went. Andrassy, however, came and stayed with my uncle in Surrey for a time ; and, on his return to Austria, sent him six dozen bottles of that brand of Imperial Tokay which never reaches the public market, but is, or rather was, kept in the Imperial cellars for members of the Hapsburg family for their personal use and to be given by them as presents to members of other reigning families, statesmen, ambassadors, etc. Each bottle of this particular wine is therefore practically priceless ; and it is " priceless " also in the present-day slang sense, for it is absolutely delicious, the most delightful wine I have ever tasted, except perhaps Yquem Lur Saluces. My uncle kept it in his London house, and as he was practically a teetotaller and cared nothing for this special wine (it is rather sweet) gave me carte blanche to make free use of it—he being for the most part either at his place in Surrey or in Scotland or abroad. And I did make free use of it indeed. I was very young, and my friends for the most part were about my age. We drank this Imperial " booze " in big brandy-and-soda tumblers, and it is *capiteux*, so that many an afternoon of that

now far distant London season saw in my poor uncle's dining-room in Mayfair many young patrician owls boiled to somnolence in this Imperial drink. What reckless waste! None of us lads could really appreciate it; and its chief merit in our eyes was that it was delicious to drink. When boiled in it, the owl awoke with no "head" on him, no bad taste in the mouth even, but, on the contrary, with an agreeable flavour and fragrance clinging to the lips. All kinds of male bipeds came and tasted; some going away steadily, some preferring to lie on the sofa and dream dreams. Dear little Swinburne got so intoxicated on it that he had to be carried to a hansom and, when I told the cabby to take him to the rooms where he was then living, he—the poet, not the driver—put his hand in his pocket, pulled it out full of gold and silver which he hurled at the horse's head, screaming to the horse, "Take your blank fare!" Young Lord Wiltshire, elder brother of the present Lord Winchester, came up from Eton, and took such a liking to Tokay, that I had to give him a tepid shower bath to restore him to reason and send him back to Barnes Pool in a condition fit for education.

Even Augustus Lumley once lingered over it too long and found it wise to take a cab to the St. James's Club, where he was found by "Gus-sie" Gore (son of Mrs. Gore, the novelist) sweetly sleeping at four in the afternoon when he ought to have been at a garden party at Osterley to introduce two young ladies from the country to kind Lady Jersey as a beginning to a London season.

Camille Barrère, to whom I have referred, I also knew—I say "also" advisedly, for although I did not know Andrassy personally, I knew him but too well through the medium of his wine. At the fall of the Commune he escaped to London and was a member of the Arts Club, at that time situated in Hanover Square, once the house of the famous Lady Conyngham of George IV's days. Barrère was very popular there and everywhere, and taught himself to speak English perfectly. I remember a very ridiculous incident at the Arts Club. There was a terrible and famous Don of Magdalen, Oxford, then about—a man named Newman. He yelled at the top of his voice and said and did the most outrageous things, delighted, in fact, in shocking people, and

especially poor Charles Reade, the novelist, who was also a Fellow of Magdalen. The pranks and sayings of this Dr. Newman, although excruciatingly funny, as many will remember (by the way, he used to narrate with great glee how when he came up for election at the Athenæum Club and was blackballed—all the Roman Catholic members rushed to London to vote for him thinking it was the great Newman and were greatly disgusted to find their mistake) are quite unfit for publication. He had a villa at Como and used to pass his time between England and Italy. He told me once, at a luncheon party given to him by a cousin of the first Lord Cheylesmore, that Vincenzo Bellini, the composer of *Norma*, etc., had died in his arms. “Why,” I said, “Old Bertinatti told me only the other day in Paris at the Princesse Mathilde’s that Bellini had died in his arms.” Old Newman, slightly intoxicated as usual, looked at me and laughed. “Well,” he said, “the poor chap began to die in my arms and then passed on to Bertinatti’s for the last act.” The sayings and doings of this old man are still recounted at Magdalen, and his conduct at length became so outrageous that the President and

Fellows had to get rid of him, but not before he had had them all up in the High Court in London. He caused the stately Dr. Frederic Bulley to be put in the witness box, and got a ferocious Q.C. to browbeat the urbane and courtly President to such an extent that he nearly fainted, and had to be helped to a seat by Ernest Wilberforce. This was mentioned in the papers, and I happened one day to go into the writing-room at the Arts Club where I found Newman. "Have you seen the papers, young 'un?" Newman yelled when he saw me. I nodded and pointed to the word "Silence" on the wall. "D——n that!" cried Newman. "Let me tell you, Sir, and let it be clearly understood that whoever tries to steal my reputation, steals trash, Sir, trash!" And with that he pulled off his wig and hurled it at me! Barrère, who was present, must have had a funny idea of our Doctors of Divinity! Newman was, I think, one of the wittiest monstrosities of his time.

This wicked old D.D. used to have some funny stories about Oxford people, some quite unprintable, but some harmless enough. Here are a few that I remember—many of them no doubt

chestnuts. But then, after all, what is a chestnut, apart from the universally known anecdote? What is well known to Smith is quite new to Jones, and in the case of another anecdote it may be exactly the reverse. According to old Newman, Dr. Wynter, at one time President of St. John's (I knew his son, Captain Wynter, well in Paris—a Queen's Messenger and a very charming man), was the type of the old 'Varsity Don who thought himself one of the most important people in existence. It chanced that a very promising student named Foot fell under the influence of Monsignor Capel and became a Roman Catholic, much to the horror of Dr. Wynter who sent for the youth, and said very solemnly: "I feel it my duty, Mr. Foot, to point out to you the extreme gravity of the awful step you have taken, the terrible consequences of which it is quite possible you may not have realized. I will remind you, therefore, that you are ruining your University career, jeopardizing your chance of success in life, breaking your father's and mother's hearts and imperilling your eternal salvation, and I must moreover add, deeply grieving the head of your College!"

Of cherub-baby-faced Dr. Benjamin Jowett, the great Master of Balliol, Dr. Newman had many stories. His broad views (he used to walk the whole length of Balliol College Chapel and sit down when the Athanasian Creed began, to signify his disapproval of that extraordinary production) used to attract to his College callow youths who fondly fancied that under this cheery cherub's wing they could air the most unorthodox views not only with impunity but with every chance of encouragement. But they were mistaken. One day Jowett met a booby of this category in the quadrangle, his brow knitted with the semblance of mental struggle, his countenance sicklied o'er with the pale cast of *posse*. "I've been looking for God everywhere and I can't find Him," said this Jocrisse. Jowett looked at the lad for a moment and then said in his "childlike and bland" voice: "Indeed, Mr. Smith, I'm sorry to hear that. But go on: persevere. You must find Him before three to-day, or I shall be reluctantly compelled to send you down!"

Jowett had an artful and cheap way of enlisting the assistance of any clever young undergraduate in the preparation of his various works, and this

fact was illustrated in some doggerel lines which greatly offended the great Master :

“ Please, Sir, once my name was Forbes,
But me the Master now absorbs
Me and several other me’s
For his edition of Thucydides.”

While Jowett was engaged on his famous *Plato*, C. S. Calverley acting as a guide (according to Newman) came with a bevy of American tourists, and, standing under the little bow window on “ the Broad ” exclaimed, “ This, ladies and gentlemen, is Balliol College, reckoned to be the second oldest College in Oxford. The head of this College is called ‘ The Master.’ The present Master is the celebrated Professor Jowett. That is Professor Jowett’s study.” Then stooping down, picking up some gravel and throwing it up, disturbing the great man at his studies, brought him red with fury to the window—“ and that, ladies and gentlemen, is Professor Jowett! ”

Jowett was very hard on Swinburne when he was up at Balliol, but very kind to him afterwards, when he became famous, and had him down to stay with him ; for the great Benjamin dearly loved celebrities.

I knew Swinburne intimately. I was introduced to him when I was quite a boy by a relation of his, a cousin of Lord Ashburnham, and I never came over from Paris without looking him up. He was very fond of me, and Watts Dunton didn't like this, and tried (as he did in the case of all Swinburne's old friends) to keep him away from me, although he could not possibly have thought that I led the little genius astray. For example, when he and Watts Dunton came over to Paris for a Victor Hugo celebration at the Théâtre Français, I only heard quite by accident, the night of their arrival, from Mounet Sully that they were coming and where they would put up—the Hotel de Lille et d'Albion in the Rue St. Honoré. I called in the morning. Watts Dunton came down into the hall and said Swinburne was ill in bed, the result of the journey, and could see no one. While he was speaking, little Algernon crept down the staircase behind him, and when he saw me clapped his hands and crowed like a little child. Watts Dunton looked rather silly, and the situation was so awkward for him that I didn't stay. Of course, Watts Dunton's influence was good from a moral and also hygienic point of view; but

Swinburne respectable and sober was no longer Swinburne. His rapturous delights and passionate loves were all wholly imaginary, and came from the brandy bottle; and when his Mentor substituted Bass for Martell, "Félice," and "Yolande," and "Juliette," and "Dolores," and all the rest of those pleasing but naughty ladies were superseded by Putney imitations evoked by Guinness, which were by no means of such good quality. As I have said, all Swinburne's infatuations and amours were wholly imaginary; but once he found himself face to face with a very real, not to say terrible, amorous problem to solve, and his own account of it was excruciatingly funny. He was seated quite alone (he generally was alone) in his little rooms in Dorset Street, when suddenly there came a loud rap at the door. When he opened it he found himself in front of a big handsome woman, slightly Jewish in appearance, whose hair was parted on one side like a man's. "I want to see Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne," declared the lady with a very decided American accent. Poor little Swinburne squirmed about and acknowledged that he was the person sought for. "Are you indeed?" replied

the big, handsome, boyish-looking American lady, sweetly smiling, "Well, I guess I've read your poems and just love them: and I've come over here from Paris on purpose just to love the poet! You may have heard of me—my name's Adah Isaacs Menken!"

Let me pause here to say that I had all this from Swinburne's own lips, but what the lady said was really far more realistic and Zolaesque than I can possibly chronicle. The poor little bard was now in a terrible fix, faced with over five feet of very beautiful smiling feminine problem seeking immediate solution. No daughter "of dreams and of stories" this, but the quondam wife of a prize fighter (J. C. Heenan), of a humourist ("Orpheus C. Kerr"), the *chère amie* of old Alexandre Dumas, who got photographed with her (copies were sold all over the streets in Paris and in London)—the splendid creature who, strapped on the back of a circus horse, galloped about the stage with but little on, as Mazeppa. This is the woman who stood before the dancing, squirming, red-haired, big-headed, gifted, delightful, thorough-bred homunculus. The situation was of the character called acute—a terrible one.

Fancy Goliath suddenly transformed into a beautiful, amorous lady and saying to David (and a very slingless son of Jesse at that): "I love you!" Swinburne had to admit Mazeppa, and much brandy was consumed between them in his little sitting-room. I imagine many lyrics were sung and epics hiccupped, but I doubt whether Adah was wholly satisfied with her visit when she drove back to the very respectable and highly fashionable hotel—Fenton's in St. James's Street—where she was staying, and whence she was expelled a few days later for unseemly and riotous conduct. Swinburne (like many of us) had seen the photographs of Adah and Dumas *père* together—she in her Mazeppa (un)dress and old fat Alexandre clasping her in his arms with a very broad grin on his face—and so Algernon got photographed in the same way with the same lady (he gave me one with great pride); but I have the best reason to believe (Adah's own testimony) that these camera-caresses were really all that passed between them.

I met Adah often in Paris in Bohemian circles, and must confess that I found her a most fascinating woman—until she spoke. She died in the

most pitiful way in Paris—acute intestinal inflammation (set up by a terrible carouse in which oceans of brandy were absorbed) ending in peritonitis. She had no money : but an old friend of mine, the late Mrs. Elisha Riggs, wife of the Washington banker, at that time resident in Paris in the Avenue de Roi de Rome, went out to her herself ; took money to her, and was with her to the end.

Swinburne was one of the most enthusiastic men I have ever met, but his enthusiasm, I fear, was more hysterical than sincere, and not wholly unconnected with *la dive bouteille*. He came to me once fresh from a visit to Trelawny, quite delirious with enthusiasm. He had endless yarns about Byron and Shelley told to him by the Cornishman, but I forget them, and only remember he said Trelawny always rose to his feet in respect when he spoke of Shelley and, if out of doors and standing up with his hat on, would always uncover when he spoke of the great author of *The Cenci*. Another one of Swinburne's idols was Walter Savage Landor, and when I asked him if it were true that the author of *Gebir* was faulty in his aspirates, Swinburne glared at me

like an assassin and barked out, " Well, and what the 'ell's that got to do with you if 'e 'appens to 'ave that awful 'abit ? "

No schoolboy was ever more full of sly fun and wild monkey tricks than dear little Swinburne ; and, in fact, in his real days, his wicked days, his intemperate and wild days when he was himself, before he came under the chastening, moralizing influence of Watts Dunton, he was really never anything but a boy. Swinburne proper and moral and behaving himself was no longer Swinburne—it was wrong, almost offensive. Watts Dunton prolonged Swinburne's life, but he trimmed his laurels so closely with the shears of propriety that they were almost invisible. There is nothing in common between Putney and Parnassus except the first letter, and lovers of poetry would rather have had the little man (gentleman to the tips of his thick, clumsy, twitching, locking and unlocking fingers) remain in Bloomsbury, running out at night into the street, throwing up his hat in the air and dancing before buses in the maddest and most dangerous way, singing, and clapping his hands, than taken to Putney to be allowed to trot across the

Common to get his allowance of beer. When sober, Swinburne was demure and sad—that is, apparently so, but the spirit of mischief and fun was always alive within him ; and, when Bacchus unbarred the shutters, burst out and indulged in the maddest antics. There was a little restaurant in Rupert Street, called the Solferino, discovered by Gussie Gore of the Foreign Office, and there Swinburne, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, poor blind Philip Bourke Marston and other kindred spirits used to dine—somewhat like Polydore's in Paris.

One night I found Swinburne there in most uproarious spirits. He had just got a cheque (for *Bothwell*, I think) and was what is known as “going strong.” I dragged him off to a club I belonged to, and as we pressed through a crowd there I heard my old friend, Forbes Bentley, whisper to another man : “Look : that's Swinburne, the great poet !” I told Swinburne this, and I never saw him so pleased. He told me he'd sooner be popular with men like that than with all the literary people in the world ; and that no praise in any review had ever made him so proud as did a letter from his cousin in a cavalry regiment in India, in which he told him he never

travelled without a volume of his poems in his saddlebag. That night the little man “ went too far ” in the club, but was awfully penitent on the morrow, and wrote from his bed and sent by hand a line—“ Do forgive me. Will you forgive me ? Come and see me.—A.C.S.” Then on another occasion, I went after him at the Solferino and brought him that day’s *Vanity Fair* in which there was a caricature of him with “ Singing before Sunrise ” under it. “ What the —— does the —— villain mean by that ? ” he cried. “ Boozed before breakfast,” explained Gussie Gore. Hearing that, Swinburne jumped up from the table, tore the cartoon to pieces, and danced a hornpipe on it in the middle of the restaurant, much to the surprise of a party of elderly Italian gentlemen who looked dirty and sullen enough to be Carbonari. Then Swinburne shrieked to me, “ Tell that —— what I did with his —— paper ! ”

CHAPTER VIII

"La Princesse Katy." Sir Peel and Sir Russell. Calcraft. Victor Hugo's audacity. The late Duke of Albany. Lord Wentworth. I introduce Swinburne to Prince Leopold. Étretat and the long swim. Swinburne in bathing drawers. Sarah Bernhardt and Swinburne. The remarks of Sarah Bernhardt's pretty maid. The passionate lady from Cincinnati. "To kiss you till one killed you." Perilous position of Swinburne. Saved by ridicule.

ALL Swinburne's friends will remember his very funny unpublished, in fact unwritten, parody of Victor Hugo—the play, *La Princesse Katy*, which the little bard used to recite to his intimates. As most people know, fine as Hugo's plays in verse are, his plays in prose are absolute trash—like much of his poetry—not quite perhaps so grotesquely ridiculous as old Dumas's *Richard Darlington* and *Halifax*,

but very nearly. *La Princesse Katy* is a very clever parody of the great Victor. There was no special plot, but Princess Katy, although only a barmaid, is the rightful Queen of England, Queen Victoria being illegitimate! The two advisers of Her Majesty are “Sir Peel” and “Sir Russell.” Sir Peel is described as “young, beautiful and debauched”; and Sir Russell (they are both, by the way, madly in love with Queen Victoria) says in a soliloquy—“I am not young, I am not beautiful, but I can be profligate and I will!” Sir Peel serenades the Queen at Windsor and here are the opening words :

“Ce qu’il faut chercher sur la terre
Nuit et jour,
Ce n’est pas la vertu severe,
C’est l’Amour !”

Poor Princess Katy has a most terrible adventure in a hansom cab, quite unfit for publication, and the curtain rises on the scene to discover *Quelques jeunes Aldermans très gris*. The last act is in Queen Victoria’s bedroom. She has just been confined of the Heir Apparent and Sir Locock is with her. Her Majesty dismisses him. She is agitated : she has heard of Princess Katy

and knows she is the rightful Queen. What is to be done? Obviously destroy Katy. So she sends for the Public Hangman and tells him he must do away with this dangerous young lady. He, *gentilhomme quand même*, refuses to do so vile a deed, but falls on his knees before the Sovereign as he murmurs that he cannot obey her. Then says Victoria, "Levez-vous, Sir Calcraft, Pair d'Angleterre!" But the glorious fellow rises proudly and puts aside the tempting honour—"Pardon, Madame: je ne suis que le bourreau de Londres!" Victor Hugo wrote nonsense quite as bad as that. His ignorance of anything outside his own country was supernatural: and although he couldn't read a word of English, he had the audacity to write a thick volume on Shakespeare!

The Duke of Edinburgh was always anxious to know Swinburne, but I don't know that he ever met him; if he did I had nothing to do with it. But I did present the dear little genius to the Duke of Albany. The late Lord Londonderry was at Oxford with Prince Leopold and introduced me to the Prince at a garden party given at Nuneham by the Harcourts. After that I saw

not a little of him, off and on, both in London and in Paris; but there is nothing very interesting to chronicle about him, except that he was usually hard up, and used to say, "My mother always keeps me so d——d short!" He was always gay and happy and most unassuming. He used often to go and get shaved at Windsor at a little barber's shop on the road to Eton—a shop chiefly frequented by working men—and there chatter away with everyone as if he were a mere tradesman. Prince Leopold wanted to meet Swinburne, and knowing I was an intimate friend of the singer before sunrise, asked me to bring them together, which I did. Of course, it would have been madness to have let Swinburne know beforehand, for he hated people who were only notable for their rank, so I had to arrange it by stratagem. I had brought Lord Wentworth and Swinburne together a few months before, and the author of *Atalanta in Calydon* was very fond of Byron's grandson (and very naturally, for Wentworth was absolutely the brick of bricks) and so Swinburne was invited to Wentworth's rooms one day. From there I went off to Paddington to meet the Prince (it was, of course,

all arranged beforehand), and we drove in a hansom to Wentworth's rooms, where we found Swinburne greatly excited and reciting something from Christina Rossetti, jumping up and down on the sofa and wringing his hands as usual. The Prince was not named—just dropped in as a friend—and it was not till after he had gone (he could not stay long) that we told Swinburne who the simple, smiling youth was he had been talking rank revolutionary twaddle to, for Algernon Charles could quote anarchist nonsense by the yard and pretended to look upon Mazzini as one of the greatest of men.

Swinburne was a remarkably good swimmer (he told me his father, Admiral Swinburne, had taught him how to swim by taking him, when a mere child, out in a rowboat in the Solway, throwing him overboard, and then rowing away!), and once when he was with me at Étretat, he caused a great sensation by swimming so far out to sea that at last his big red head was invisible. Everyone thought he would be drowned; and there was a great uproar. Faure, the famous baritone, rushed off and got policemen and officials, and I think the Mayor. The beach was

crowded with people looking out to sea ; and, as fear is as infectious as influenza, I began to be frightened too, fearing lest my dear little friend might have gone out too far. All eyes were strained to the skyline, and at last the red big top-knot of the lover of Félise, and Yolande, and Juliette and Fragoletta and all the other imaginary young ladies, hove in sight, coming towards us ; and ere long Swinburne in bathing drawers (what a sight ! Dolores would have wept to have seen the little naked white body with the big head crowned with a bush of red hair) dashed past the cheering mob and sought refuge in his *cabine*.

I introduced Swinburne to Sarah Bernhardt the first time that lady came to London. She took a house in Chester Street (the corner house near Belgrave Square) and there it was I brought the bard. But the visit was not a success. Swinburne had got into Watts Dunton's hands by that time ; the transformation was beginning. He was timid and awkward. Sarah could not draw him out ; he wouldn't speak French (which he spoke vilely, though he wrote it well) and was angry with me for quoting to Sarah his

“Le navire passe et luit

Puis chavire à grand bruit
Et sur l'onde
La plus blonde
Tête au monde
Flotte et fuit."

and his language to me on the subject when we got into the street was sulphuric. He refused champagne, though he looked at it with desire in his eyes, Watts Dunton having doubtless already made him promise to stick to the uninspiring liquids fabricated by Bass and Guinness, and take but little even of them. He was a failure, and the following day when I called, Sarah's very pretty maid made me laugh by saying, "You call that a poet? Bah!"

During that visit to Étretat, Swinburne and I made the acquaintance of a remarkable American lady. She was a very small woman with big flashing eyes: a widow, very rich, from Cincinnati. She was—I saw it the first time I spoke to her—ready to listen to the serenade of any Don Giovanni; and so when she realized that the little red-headed man with me was the author of "roses and raptures of vice" she threw herself at him with all the vigour with which her late

spouse had packed pork and piled up pieces. She "read up" for Swinburne, and with a very wicked look in her eyes would recite to him some of his naughtiest lines. The effect was grotesquely funny of this eager lady looking passionately into the half-frightened eyes of the very unwilling little poet and murmuring—

"Ah sweet, one sin worth sinning
 With all the whole soul's will :
 To lull you till one stilled you,
 To kiss you till one killed you,
 To feed you till one filled you,
 Sweet lips if Love could fill !"

She was relentless and untiring in her pursuit ; passed beyond being a mere bore ; became an infliction and finally a curse ; and would undoubtedly have driven us both to flight or suicide except for the sudden and timely visit of the sweet angel of Ridicule who came to our rescue in a way that I cannot tell.

CHAPTER IX

Bob Bristowe. The late Lord Clanricarde. Qui vit sans folie n'est pas si sage qu'il croit." Dick Steuart Muirhead. The address of a sentiment. Bob's obnoxious servant. The jaguar episode. The Prince of Wales : the loan : the present. Taylor and some Oxford yarns. Miss "Jack" Cotton and her father. The Magdalen Undergraduate and two famous Parisian Aspasia's. Reginald Bird and Charles Reade. Dr. Frederic Bulley. The *demi-mondaines*, the Christ Church Deanery and the Sage of Concord. Historicus. His diplomatic muteness. Clever sayings of Lord Marcus Beresford. Broadwood. Cass.

OF all the eccentric men I have ever known, I think, on the whole, that Bob Bristowe must be awarded the palm. I do not say this because he ran through his fortune—over £200,000, I believe—in a very short time, but because he had nothing to show for it, and I really doubt if he enjoyed a hundred pounds

of all the money he spent. I am not at all sure that fortunes are not made to be run through. When there is a great deal of money—(I mean an inherited fortune, and am, of course, only speaking of well-born people—money inherited from commerce of any kind is a horse of another colour)—there is sure to be waste of some kind. You will run through it probably with pleasure (or, as in Bristowe's case, without it); or you will, as you fondly imagine, stick to it, but in reality all the while let it run through your nature, saturating and corroding it with egotism. And anything is better than egotism. I don't mean, of course, the ordinary *quid mihi*—"What have you got for me?"—which is common to us all; but the peculiar kind of egotism bred of keeping a tight hold of inherited money. The late Lord Clanricarde (of whom I shall have something to say later, and whose father I knew very well) was a striking example of what I mean. When he was quite a young man he was very charming; but he saw in Paris the extravagant conduct of the young Duc de Gramont Caderousse; and in Vienna the still worse extravagance of Prince Trauttmansdorff and Prince Sulkowski.

Listening to the advice of a rich sycophantic Russian Jew named Haritoff, whom I knew in Paris, he went to the other extreme, spent nothing on himself or anybody else, lent out his money at usury to usurers, and so led an absolutely drab-coloured life in his den in the Albany. Indeed he may be said never to have lived at all; and but for his chance meeting with Lord Lascelles (the *fidus Achates* of big, handsome, impecunious Lord Northland) intended, I believe, to bequeath his large fortune to found a museum of some kind. “*Qui vit sans folie n’est pas si sage qu’il croit*,” says La Rochefoucauld very wisely; and provided a man does not run through too much of his money—and here the *festina lente* theory is applicable—the character of the spendthrift will be rather improved than impaired by his prodigality. Of course, I am speaking in general terms. I am not referring to prodigality polluted by more vice than just a few horses, a little tossing of dice, and sweet smiles from pretty lips; and especially not recklessness of conduct that is harmful to others. Poor Bob Bristowe certainly never did harm to anybody (except when he sought to have his servant

devoured by a wild beast, as I shall recount presently). He had a right to throw his money out of the window—not literally, in shovels full of heated gold coins during Carnival, as Lord Henry Seymour used to do in Paris. By the way, Lord Henry was probably the only English nobleman of importance who, born in Paris, never passed a minute of his life in England, and indeed only saw it once on a fine day through a telescope from Calais. If Bristowe, as I have said, had had anything to show for his prodigality there would be nothing to blame him for. He gave money to people like Charley Buller and dozens of others of the same category ; but he did not care for them, and only gave it because they bored him ; so he did not have even the satisfaction of feeling he had pleased a friend, and I need hardly say, he never again saw a farthing of the big sums he lent. He was a clever man in some ways, and if he had been made to earn his own living, would easily have done so in any profession ; and it would have been far better for him had such been his lot than to spend his life for the most part in writing cheques for other people's enjoyment. I remember coming in on him one day when he had just signed one

for a considerable amount in five figures for Steuart Muirhead ("Dick Steuart" of the Blues), and when he had put it in an envelope, without a letter or word of any kind, and closed and sealed and sent it, he casually remarked: "I hate that chap really; but he tells me he's up a most terrible tree, so I can't refuse to help him, can I?" My reply partook of the nature of an allegory—"Bob," I said, "do you know that I can give you the address of a sentiment which many people say does not exist, and which certainly never visits you?" Bristowe smiled: "I suppose you mean gratitude?" I nodded. "Well," he remarked, "I don't get it, and I'm sure I don't want it. But what's its address?"

"An old woman's lips when a young lover presses his to them!" I replied.

Bob laughed. "You're right!" he said, "and I'm afraid Dick Steuart knows it too, and how to turn it into bank-notes." This was in reference to a well known liaison of that time with a mature Marchioness who lived not many miles from Pall Mall and whose cheques Dick Steuart used openly to cash at his Club.

The wild beast episode, to which I have

alluded, was as follows. Bob, who really was as mad as the proverbial March hare even when sober, for some reason or other took a great dislike to two of his servants—a man and his wife—and although he repeatedly discharged them, they—knowing his good nature—never stirred. So one day, when greatly exasperated, he rushed down to the East End, went to Jamrach's, bought an immense jaguar, had the beast in its cage, all shrouded in covering, put on the top of a four-wheeler and came west. When he arrived at his house in Clarges Street, he got some men to help him to take the big case off the cab and put it in the hall. When that was done, and the men had gone, Bob took the covering off the cage, opened it and, flying to the dining-room, locked himself in and rang the bell for the obnoxious servant. The man came half-way upstairs, but seeing the jaguar strolling about beat a hasty retreat, and turned a deaf ear to the reiterated ringing of the bell. Tired at last of this game, Bob bored a hole in the dining-room door and spent the rest of the afternoon potting at the jaguar with a revolver, until at last he killed it, but not before it had played havoc with everything

in the hall which was, of course, soaked in blood. This mad escapade was the talk of all the clubs at the time, and was a favourite yarn of the late Lord Downe, who always wound up by saying, "But those damned servants wouldn't leave him even after that. They knew Bob might throw them to the lions, but would never have the heart to turn them into the street!"

The Prince of Wales was very fond of Bob Bristowe—as I think everyone was—and used often to come and see him in Clarges Street. Luckily he didn't happen to call on the jaguar afternoon! Bristowe always carried a large sum of money about with him—not only a few thousands in his pockets, but many more in his hat-box. Once, when he was staying at Sandringham, the Prince borrowed £5,000 from him in notes to send to a certain person who shall be nameless, as he is still living. The Prince paid it back in a fortnight, but Bob wouldn't take the money ; so they tossed for it and the Prince won ; but he spent not a little of it in buying for Bristowe a splendid set of sleeve links, waistcoat buttons and shirt studs, of cabochon sapphires

set in diamonds. The Prince never forgot a kindness, and never failed to stick up for a friend, and when, after Bob Bristowe's death, Raymond Seillière was speaking ill of him to the Prince in Paris, His Royal Highness merely said: "You are mistaken. Bob Bristowe was a trump. His one and only enemy, excepting you" (here the Prince smiled at Seillière) "was himself. I wish there were many more like him!" The unclean Raymond subsided.

Bob Bristowe had an Oxford friend named Taylor, and if some of the stories told by him were true, the ladies leading the University society must have been extremely amusing, and many of the Dons quite peculiar to the banks of the Isis. Taylor used to say that Dr. Richard Cotton, the Provost of Worcester College, had a large map of Europe in his study under which was written, "Those parts deleted in ink are uncivilized"; and every part was blackened out except England! This same enlightened teacher had a fox-hunting hoyden daughter commonly called "Jack," whose language was very forcible and outspoken, and who said, when the visit of Ernest Renan to Oxford was about to take place, "I hope, Dad,

you don't expect me to go and meet that damned silly old French ass! "

But speaking of Oxford I must narrate a most comic incident which, if elaborated, would make an excellent farce. A friend of mine (I will not mention his name because he is now one of the most respected members of society and is identified with clerical and religious matters) was in his youth somewhat tempestuous, and this hot-blooded lad, whose parents at the time I am now speaking of were residing in Paris, knew not a few of the most prominent members of the *demi-monde*. The Franco-Prussian War and the siege of Paris brought a great many Parisians (especially of the so-called weaker sex) to London, and among them came two of the most prominent members of the *bataillon de Cythère*, Caroline Letessier and Caroline Hassé, the last named an Alsatian. The lad to whom I refer was at Magdalen and was looked upon very favourably there, for he had plenty of money, kept four hunters, entertained a great deal, and yet with all was very clever and reading for honours. Hearing that these two old friends of his were in London, the audacious boy asked them down

to Oxford and announced to all and sundry that two French cousins of his were coming to see him. Down came these two dainty girls and put up at the Randolph Hotel. They were both very pretty, very well mannered, clever, and exquisitely dressed ; so they made rather a sensation. They came constantly to Magdalen to lunch and tea with their young friend, and it is narrated that one of the youngest dons, a callow divine, fell violently in love with Letessier. If he had seen her, as I did a few months before, throwing plates at the head of Lord Charles Hamilton in a *cabinet particulier* at the Café Anglais, he might have hesitated before offering her his hand and curacy. Only two persons suspected anything wrong : two of the Fellows of the College, both men of the world who had knocked about a great deal and who could detect a Paphian perfume at a hundred yards—Charles Reade the novelist and Reginald Bird. They acquainted Dr. Bulley with their suspicions. Bulley sent for the undergraduate who, of course, was most indignant and invited the very courtly old President to meet the ladies at a fête to be given at the Botanical Gardens and judge for himself. The guileless don

did so; the two Aspasia (warned, of course) absolutely fascinated him (it was their trade to fascinate and be "all things to all men," like St. Paul) and the President went about telling everyone—notably Ernest Wilberforce—that ——'s French cousins were two of the most charming and best informed ladies he had met; and no doubt these two Carolines really did know more than most of the ladies the innocent old gentleman had ever met on terms of equality. But something still more comic was at hand. The President of Magdalen spoke to the Dean of Christ Church about these two charming and "well-informed" lady exiles from the now besieged French capital, and the Dean and Mrs. Liddell invited these two *hétaïres* to the Deanery to meet Ralph Waldo Emerson, I think, but am not quite sure. If it wasn't the Sage of Concord it was some equally great and wise man, and this brace of Phrynes subjugated him. But during the entertainment, which was a luncheon followed by a garden party, who should turn up but Sir William Vernon Harcourt—"Historicus." He was staying at Nuneham and drove over to see his friends the handsome Dean and his handsome wife. Now

people who fondly imagine that "Historicus" was a Castus Bellerophon are greatly mistaken. Like not a few other wise men, this, in every sense, "heavy swell," when in the French capital, was not averse from carefully considering pretty young female human documents bound in diamonds and illustrated by smiles; and it so happened that both these prettily bound duodecimos had claimed his attention by Seine-side. On both sides the recognition was immediate; but as "Historicus" had as much—even more—to lose than the ladies by any indiscretion, nothing was said. Few things to my mind could be more comical than to see Caroline Letessier and dear fat blonde Caroline Hassé innocently playing croquet on the Deanery lawn with some callow undergraduates, while Emerson and Sir William Vernon Harcourt looked on, the latter being behind the scenes. The ladies returned to London, after this visit to Oxford, without any kind of scandal; but Reginald Bird later on discovered the truth, for he met the ladies at Cremorne, I believe, and enjoyed the joke immensely. Both he and the wicked young undergraduate, and the ladies themselves, told me the story; so it must be true.

The most wicked mischief-maker in London, whose name I won't mention for he is still alive in his malevolence, was a great friend of an arrant little snob who died many years ago, and who belonged to the Broadwood family. This man met with just chastisement at the hands of Marcus Beresford. Broadwood and a friend had been out in Africa shooting big game, and at a dinner given in his charming house near St. James's Palace by the late Lord Sydney (whose awful duty by the way it was to announce to the Empress Eugénie the death of the Prince Imperial), Broadwood made himself absolutely ridiculous in his account of his great doings by this kind of thing : " I just strolled out and potted a rhino before breakfast, while dear old X. was still snoring " : or " That was the day I bagged three lions in ten minutes." At length this cataract of skill and heroism became intolerable, and Marky, who was present, looked at the little Munchausen and said very quietly, " I say, Broadwood, piano, piano ! " It was indeed quite a special gift of Lord Marcus to put men in their place when they were looking at a situation from the wrong angle. Thus when a

relation of a well-known Duke had been discovered cheating at cards and tried to bluff it out by saying to Marcus, "I don't care a damn; when I see the Prince I shall know how to deal with the matter," Marky replied with a smile: "Take my advice, George, don't deal any more; just shuffle and cut!" which advice George followed, going first to Egypt, and then to Paris.

Then another good joke of Lord Marcus was when a rich Canadian named Cass, who was supposed to be extraordinarily clever in all financial matters, came to London and nearly ruined several well-known people in society, who foolishly took his Stock Exchange tips, the late Lord Rosslyn said, "Why, I thought he was so shrewd!" "Yes," said Marky, "so did I; and I dare say he was over there; but I suppose crossing the C, he's become an ass!"

CHAPTER X

Mad Pranks at Baden-Baden in the old days. Marguerite Bellanger. My introduction to her. Her trick of rising from floor without using hands or elbows. Her clever frankness to the Emperor. Untrue report about the child. Old Oppenheim. Mr. Shaw Lefevre's question to me. "O. de Cologne." Augusta Queen of Prussia at the Villa Mesmer. Wild invasion of Gambling Rooms by Lord Charles Hamilton and other Bacchanals. Princes Hohenlohe and Thurn and Taxis. Order of Queen of Prussia. "Carlo's" remonstrance. Caroline Letessier and her Imperial Grand Duke. New use for the Grand Cordon of St. Andrew. Mustapha Pasha and the crayfish. The man of Blood and Iron dancing the can-can. I am used by Duke of Hamilton to shield him from the plate-shying of La Gioja. Ridiculous rumours about La Gioja. King Humbert. The Contract for Horses for the Italian Army. Carlin. Peculiar manners. The silent drive. La Gioja's delightful gratitude. Carlin's tragic end. Randolph Churchill. Bernal Osborne. Posno's dinners. "Old Clos."

I HAVE referred in *Uncensored Recollections* to the Baden of the old days and to my friend, the Duke of Hamilton, there. During his sojourn in the lovely town of Baden-Baden, you could

about do as you pleased, for he, being of the reigning family, "bossed" the show, and could get you out of almost any scrape except murder! As Angus himself was very much of a *viveur* (he ran through a quarter of a million sterling before he came of age) the fun was fast and furious in the Grand Ducal townlet. Young men of the present day could hardly credit the wild pranks played there. Our own countrymen and the Russians were the maddest and most extravagant in their conduct—among the males, I mean, for the ladies came chiefly from Paris and Vienna—but Jew financiers from every country added fuel to the fire, not only with oceans of gold and notes, but with a *diablerie* quite their own, for people who say that the Jews have no sense of humour are very grievously mistaken.

But before speaking of the mad follies and extravagances of those days, I must say a few words about Marguerite Bellanger (Margot), one of the most famous of the many favourites of Napoleon III. She used always to pass a week or two at Baden-Baden. She was by no means pretty, but was very clever—perhaps more audacious, more "cheeky" than clever, but

yet with a nimble and quick intelligence that would have made her very dangerous if she had succeeded in becoming what she sought to be—namely, a modern edition, as it were, of Mme. de Pompadour or Mme. de Chateauroux. She was rather tall and thin, with fair curly hair, beautiful teeth and laughing saucy eyes, and with all the *toupet* or pertness of a *gamin de Paris*. She was a splendid horsewoman; in fact, the first time I spoke to her was one morning, when I was about twelve, in the Bois. I was on my pony, and Margot was on her splendid and well-known bay mare “Betsy,” so called because she came from England, a present from Lord Clanricarde, the father of the last Marquis. Achille Murat, himself a mere lad then, introduced me to her. Of course, as I was a mere child I didn’t see much of her in those days in Paris, except in the morning on horseback in the Bois, and at theatres and public places; but later on, both in Paris, and especially, when still a boy, at Baden-Baden. She always seemed to me more like a boy than a girl, and one of her favourite tricks was to throw herself flat on the floor and get up by movements of the thighs and without using her hands or elbows. It was said that when

first she was brought to meet the Emperor, at a little hunting lodge near St. Cloud, she said to him, with one of her saucy bewitching grins, "Now, I want to be quite frank with you. I know nothing about Kings and Emperors and Majesties, or how to address them ; and I don't want to. You like me, and I like you. You shall be only Louis to me, and I shall be Margot to you ; and please understand I'm very fond of money and very poor ; but I don't expect or want a penny from you. You will be only my *amant de cœur* !" The effect of this cleverly thought-out saucy tirade on poor *blasé*, blackmailed, good-natured Napoleon III, may be easily imagined. She at once became quite the chief favourite in the Imperial seraglio, and had she contented herself with that pleasant office she might have retained it to the end. But *l'appétit vient en mangeant*. Her daily and familiar intercourse with potentates . and statesmen and courtiers and place seekers bred ambition ; she began doing far sillier things than throwing herself on the floor and getting up by her thighs ; she began meddling in political matters ; became a bore, and so was kindly and very generously put aside. The story of the

Emperor being the father of her child is pure farce, and for the very simple reason that Margot never had a child. Old Oppenheim put her up to pretending this; but the Emperor sent his own physicians to investigate, and the lie was discovered. Then the wily German banker, to cover his retreat, spread the report that the Emperor had seduced a young lady of high rank and had asked Margot to spread the report of her coming confinement to save this lady's honour and to accept the care of the child. But unfortunately for the yarn of old Oppenheim, the young lady in question was dancing every night in society for months, and so never had any time to fill a cradle! Such are the facts of the case, and I know them to be true, for I had them direct from the Duke of Hamilton, who knew what he was talking about. Marguerite Bellanger had no more influence over the Emperor than Mme. de Castiglione, and yet at one time our Downing Street people were led to believe, through scatterbrain Lord Dalling and in spite of what Lord Cowley told them, that she was the power behind the Throne. Some years later I was gravely asked by Mr. Shaw Lefevre, at a dinner party at Mr. Gathorne

Hardy's—afterwards Lord Cranbrook, who lived in the big house, close to the Wellington Club (still noted for its excellent cuisine), that was afterwards occupied by Princess Louise and Lord Lorne—whether it was true that Mlle. Bellanger had at one time really ruled France! Old Oppenheim was never so happy as when he was making mischief, and was the author of many of the silly and untrue rumours of the time. But he was not without a sense of humour, as the story (somewhat of a chestnut) of what he wrote in the Visitors' Book, as it was passed round the table d'hôte dinner table at an hotel in Brussels will show. Looking back over the list, he saw an old friend's name CAHEND'ANVERS (Cohen of Antwerp) a designation which that financial magnate had been recently authorized to assume: so Oppenheim wrote O. DE COLOGNE.

At the close of the Commune, Margot sold the beautiful house she had had built in the Avenue de Friedland to another well-known Aspasia, Antoinette Leninger, and retired to a château in the neighbourhood of Tours, where the late Duke of Marlborough went to stay with her. He told me that she asked about me, and remembered very

well that morning in the very long ago when Achille Murat introduced to her in the Bois an English boy, on a pony, who was as cheeky as she was.

But to return to bad Baden-Baden. This place was famous even in the days of Luther for its wickedness, and nothing but the closing of the gaming tables brought it to comparative respectability. It was in the old days quite the most fashionable watering place in Europe; there were hardly any outsiders there; everyone knew everyone else intimately; and, that being so, the extravagances were perhaps less reprehensible insomuch as they had almost a family—a *de moi à toi*—atmosphere about them. And this was particularly the case in the circle of the Duke of Hamilton's friends, of which I, although still a boy at school, was one. The Duke's mother was a Grand Duchess of Baden, and his aunt was Augusta Queen of Prussia, mother of Frederick the Noble and grandmother of that ridiculous cad the ex-Kaiser. One season when Her Majesty was there, living at the Villa Mesmer near the Casino, Carlo Hamilton and his boon companions—Alexis Galitzine (not that horrible

Galitzine nicknamed "la Fluxion"), Blandford, Masséna (the Massénas were really Jews, but always ashamed of the fact), Prince Hohenlohe, Prince of Thurn and Taxis, St. Germain (who was killed in a steeplechase at Spa shortly afterwards), Modène, Hallez Claparède (nicknamed "le Charognard"), Hepburn, Delamarre, and de la Redorte—all more or less vinously excited—suddenly invaded the gaming rooms, rushed in like an avalanche, scattering toy explosives over the floor, making a most terrible row, and shrieking at the top of their voices. The croupiers, frightened out of their senses, jumped on to the tables and sprawled over the money to protect it. Benazet, who "ran" the establishment, took good care not to interfere. I was in the room with two school-boy friends, and Carlo Hamilton in fun lurched me over on to a pile of the explosives, and the result was naturally an increase of noise and tumult. This battalion of Bacchanalians was now followed by a contingent of the leading Paphian priestesses; and the arrival of these be-diamonded women did not of course tend to bring peace and calm. While the croupiers were lying on their stomachs over the gold and notes

on the tables, trembling with terror—for they knew of the madness of the golden-haired Carlo and that he belonged to the reigning house and so must not be gainsaid—the can-can was danced; and Prince Hohenlohe and Prince Thurn and Taxis (brother-in-law of the Emperor of Austria) joined hands like little children and gambolled round Cora Pearl singing at the top of their voices :

“ Nous donnerons tout, même l’Allemagne,
Pour aller ce soir boire du champagne
Avec Madame Cora,
Tra la la ! ”

Then Lord Charles Hamilton, the late Duke of Beaufort, and de Modène dragged the croupiers from a roulette table and sat down to play. Carlo won a pot of money almost at once; and thus further excited he led his gang back to the restaurant where soon the noise became so great that a gentleman-in-waiting of the household of the Queen of Prussia appeared and said Her Majesty wished the restaurant closed at once as the uproar was so great she could not sleep. “What,” yelled Carlo in English—the late Duke of Beaufort used to tell the story very vividly—“Close the restaurant? Darling old Augusta! Never! Never!

She can't sleep? I'll make her sleep! Dear old Augusta! Where is she?" And with that he rushed out like a madman to the Villa Mesmer calling out, "I'll make her sleep! Sweet old pet!" The servants at the Villa, of course, knew him; but, as it was past two in the morning, they tried to prevent him from rushing upstairs, explaining: "Her Majesty is in bed, my lord." "I know it," yelled Carlo, "and I'm going to her bed to make her sleep! She's my aunt, the old darling! I've a right to go to her bedroom, darling old pet!" The Duke of Beaufort, Blandford, Masséna, and Claparède at length got hold of him and dragged him off to bed. We were staying at the Hotel de Russie and heard him, as he was being carried away, yelling at the top of his voice in English: "Dear old Augusta! Sweet old thing! I want to go to her bedroom! Let me go! Dear old darling!"

That was a terribly riotous season, and in the midst of it Caroline Letessier, the same lady who a very few years later was entertained by the Dean of Christ Church and Mrs. Liddell, won the hearts and approbation of all the dons, played croquet with the sweet innocence of a Lily Dale

at the small house at Allington, and was allowed to meet Miss Edith Liddell (who alas! died of swallowing an orange pip), and little Miss Rhoda Liddell, arrived from Russia with her Grand Duke (I forget now exactly which one it was). They'd played Old Harry in Petersburg—on one occasion at a ball, when Caroline's dress in the mazes of the waltz was nearly torn off her, His Imperial Highness repaired the damage for the time being by tying the fragments together with the Grand Cordon of St. Andrew which he was wearing—and eventually eloped together as M. and Mme. Letessier. After some trouble with German officials, they settled down in a very sumptuous villa just off the Lichtenthal Strasse—their arrival not tending in any way to lower the temperature of gaiety. Carlo Hamilton was generally the ringleader, but his elder brother, the Duke, was always a good second in mad, harmless mischief. Once—telling me beforehand to watch him do it—he filled the capacious pockets of old fat Mustapha Pasha, brother of the Khedive, with live crayfish, as the Prince was playing cards, and when he felt for his handkerchief he sprang to his feet frightened at first, but later took the joke good-naturedly.

That season was decidedly tempestuous, but the Duke told me it was mild in comparison with two seasons before. Then a thing happened that I should have given anything to see, for I was always a bit of a cynic even when in kilts and before attaining the dignity of trousers. At a ball, a certain big clumsy giant, very tipsy, had danced the can-can *vis-à-vis* Caroline Hassé (the other Caro who later subjugated the Oxford professors and the Sage of Concord), his shirt held by him spread out in front with both hands as a milkmaid might spread out her apron. It was Count Bismarck, who shortly became known as the man of Blood and Iron and founder of the German Empire ; but that night he was simply a huge, drunken, clumsy buffoon sprawling about in the can-can before a plump, fair, laughing Alsatian *demi-mondaine* ! But everyone played the buffoon in Baden-Baden before the Franco-Prussian War ; it was in the atmosphere, and the men acted like romping boys. For example, I was walking with my dear mother and Mme. de Behague from our hotel over to the Kursaal when the Duke of Hamilton rushed after us, caught me up in his arms and held me out as if to protect

himself, shouting, "Save me! Save me!" Then still holding me out, he turned and laughingly explained to the ladies, "La Gioja is shying plates at my head!" That golden-haired Venetian lady and Angus occupied a pavilion in the grounds of our hotel, and that was where the plate practice was taking place. Here again, concerning this woman, silly and malicious rumours were spread, rumours as idiotic as those concerning the Comtesse de Castiglione and Marguerite Bellanger. It was said that she had been sent from Italy *to poison* the Emperor! Dear, lovely golden-haired, diamond-decked, amiable, laughing Gioja! Why, she was so jolly and tender-hearted she wouldn't have poisoned a flea. But in those days conspiracy was in the air: and every beautiful woman or every rich man who came to Paris was seized on by the silly newspaper people for conspiracy "copy"—although, of course, the shrewd and indefatigable Mocquard knew better; as, of course, did the Emperor himself. King Humbert was very fond of La Gioja and entrusted her once (of course, under the rose) with a very valuable concession to obtain, through a man named Nardini, horses for the cavalry of the Italian

Army. She spoke to me about it and said very comically—she was spending about a thousand pounds a week then, but spoke as if she were a pauper—“ Oh, do help me! You know all the rich people! ” I spoke to de Girardin about it, and he gave me a letter to one of the most curious men I have ever met—a Boursier named Carlin, very well known at that time in Paris, but quite unknown to me, for I had no friends in that section of the gambling world. Carlin was one of the rudest men I ever met, but his rudeness was merely the result of very highly strung nerves and an angry impatience to do away with all the empty and meaningless words generally made use of in social intercourse. When I went to his office in the Place de la Bourse and sent in my letter from the great Emile, he received me at once; but when I came into his private room he neither uttered a word of greeting, nor asked me to be seated, but said, “ What have you come for? What do you want? Tell me in few words. I’m very busy.” I was prepared for this kind of thing; had been warned not to be offended (by the way, his extreme nervousness was attributed to excessive cigarette smoking and insomnia),

and so I immediately told him the object of my errand, omitting, of course, the name of the lady. I had prepared a short memorandum which I handed to him when I had done speaking. He glanced at it, and then said, "Have you seen this man?"

"Yes."

"Has he proofs to show he is authorized to conduct this deal?"

"Yes."

"I must see them."

"Of course. When?"

"To-night, I'm busy all day—call at my house to-night at ten: that's my address," and he threw his card over to me, saying, "Go: I'm busy!"

He never thought of asking if I were engaged, or would come or not, or if this Italian could receive us; all he said is what I have put down. This *brusquerie*, far from annoying, rather amused me. I had several engagements for that evening, but put them all off and sent my servant up to the Boulevard Magenta to the Italian to tell him not to go to bed and to have all his papers ready as I should be calling before midnight. At ten

o'clock I was at Carlin's apartment just off the Avenue Gabriel, and next door to the Comte de Bari, brother of the King of Naples. He was ready and waiting, his brougham and a pair of very swift horses at the door. He wasted no time in greeting me and only said, "Can the man see us?"

"Yes." Without a word he got into his carriage and we began that long drive, neither of us saying a word, but he perpetually smoking. Of course, we found the Italian ready; and, while he was showing Carlin everything, I sat apart reading the *Figaro*. Carlin did not ask many questions, nor did he seem to listen to the man's explanations. He read over all the papers carefully; asked if it had been offered elsewhere and received the reply that it had not. Then he rose, waved his hand to me, and off we went, I thanking and saying good-night to the Italian, but Carlin saying nothing—merely lighting one cigarette after another. Then began another long and silent drive; suddenly Carlin said, "I shall do this." "I'm glad to hear it." Then after a pause he asked, "What do you want out of it?"

“ I’ll leave that to you.”

“ You’re a fool and I won’t allow it. Trust no man. That’s the mistake God made with Adam. I’ll give you——” (I forget now what percentage it was.)

“ Thank you very much.”

We were bowling down the Boulevard by the Grand Hotel then. Carlin told his coachman to stop at the Grand Café : we alighted, neither of us speaking. Carlin ordered a bock and *de quoi écrire*. He wrote me out a formal document in legal terms embodying what he had just promised and passed it over to me without a word. I read it and said, “ Thank you ” ; he paid, and off we went without another word, leaving, of course, the bock untouched. When we got to his house he simply said, “ Good night,” and went in, leaving me to walk home ; but it wasn’t far. The following morning I went to my *homme d’affaires* in the Place St. Sulpice and made over the commission note or whatever it was to La Gioja. I went with the Duke of Hamilton that night to supper with her, and with a scream of childlike delight she caught me in her arms and kissed me in thanks.

“ O Love, O fire ! then she drew
In one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.”

Dear old Angus wasn't a bit jealous.

I never knew what she made out of the deal, but it must have been a big sum ; and, of course, King Humbert took good care of her interests. I never saw Carlin again ; but some years later I read in the papers of his tragic end. With a German Jew named Biedermann, he tried to make a corner in some commodity—I forget what—but just at the last moment, and for lack of a hundred thousand or two, he failed. Biedermann blew out his brains in Carlin's salon, just as his host came up to him with a cup of coffee after *déjeuner*. This so upset Carlin's nerves that he came over to London, and took poison in some dingy rooms in Bloomsbury.

His unconscious rudeness (we had nothing in common together, so why chatter ?) his honesty, and his promptitude in business form together in my mind a very pleasant recollection of this strange man. Of course, I told Emile de Girardin all about it, and I dare say he took care Carlin didn't forget him, but of all that I knew nothing.

Speaking of rudeness reminds me that I often used to think how amusing it would be to have Bernal Osborne and Randolph Churchill to dinner together! What verbal gems would be thrown about; what "langwidge," as Betsy Prig would say. Bernal was a Jew, of course, but ashamed of it—like Drummond Wolff, the Duc de Rivoli (Masséna) and many more—and used to sneer at his own people. Old Posno, a common but good-natured Israelite, used to give very pleasant Sunday dinners (often honoured by the Prince of Wales) in his house in Portman Square—the corner one next door to that afterwards occupied by Consuelo Manchester—and when extolling the merits of some very good Burgundy he was offering his guest, Bernal remarked, "Well, we can trust you, Posno, to know all about old 'Clos.'"

CHAPTER XI

Ernest of the Café Anglais: the friend of Sovereigns and Princes. Isabelle, the *bouquetière* of the Jockey Club. Her traffic in flowers. Joseph of the Maison Dorée. His courtly manners and wit. "La plus jolie femme de Paris." The Lafitte of the Comet year. The famous Casimir. Well-known habitués of the Maison Dorée. Jack Hankey and his extraordinary collection. The Duc d'Aumale. Leopold II. Ismail Pasha. His mysterious grudge against Queen Victoria. His "good thing" for me. Blanche d'Antigny. Miss Fanny Reed. "Who would be virtuous!" Blanche, the original of Nana. Emile Zola. His account of how Busnach arranged *Pot Bouille* for the stage. Victor Hugo on Zola. Bignon's. The significance of a boiled egg.

IN the old days the two leading restaurants in Paris were the Café Anglais and the Maison Dorée, and the head waiter at each was a celebrity. Ernest at the Café Anglais knew and was known by men in Europe from crowned heads to bookmakers, and by not a few of the

ladies. He was a fine, big, aristocratic-looking fellow, and was far more of a prince in appearance than, say, for example, his great friend the Prince of Orange. He was very strong and athletic and was always glad to roll up his sleeve and show his muscle to any English client and friend of his (the terms are synonymous, for he was a universal favourite) who took an interest in athletic sports—say the Dukes of Hamilton or Beaufort. His manners were those of an ambassador, and his tact exquisite. The Prince of Wales was very fond of him, and gave him innumerable presents; indeed, he had tokens of personal esteem from almost everyone of note and social importance in Europe, Asia and America. Even old Abdul Aziz (the sultan who was afterwards “scissored” to death) when he came to the Exhibition of 1867, on leaving Paris sent Ernest a very beautifully enamelled gold box. He superintended, of course, all the *cabinets particuliers*, but he was at his best when attending to the *Grand Seize* and looking after the welfare of his most intimate customers—a handful of Princes and noblemen and bankers and a bouquet of pretty women. At the side door of the Café Anglais, and in an

alcove, sat in later days Isabelle, the famous *bouquetière* of the Jockey Club, whose speciality it was to give guileless and amorous young millionaires and noblemen and sportsmen the addresses of actresses, dancers and *demi-mondaines*, and to arrange meetings and so on. I knew one innocent but hot-blooded young English peer who gave her thousands of francs for what he might easily have obtained for himself, had he known more of life, and especially of Paris life, for a quarter of the money. One of her great sources of income was selling flowers, and as the purchasers never hesitated to pay her prices—say 500 francs for a handful of roses worth 50—and as she constantly sold the same bouquet many times in the same day (especially at the Races) she found the vending of blossoms a lucrative calling. I remember, one day in particular, it was at Longchamps, when the Duke of Hamilton and I were talking to a very pretty woman named La Valenti, who was seated in her coupé, Isabelle passed with her flowers and tapped the Duke on the back: “Would not Madame like a bunch of roses?” Of course; so a bank-note for a large amount was given, and the bouquet

delivered. Very soon after, the Duke and I left the pretty Italian, and not ten minutes later, as I came strolling back alone I saw La Valenti giving Isabelle back the roses and taking some gold in exchange. As I had nothing to do for the moment—I was waiting to see my trainer—I strolled after Isabelle to see what she was up to. A few yards farther on she came across a rich young American, Griswold Gray, who was talking to Barucci. The same bunch of roses was sold, at the same ridiculous price probably, and just at that moment, as Gray was called away to collect some bet he had won, Barucci calmly handed back the flowers to Isabelle, who gave her some gold in exchange, and then Isabelle with the already twice sold roses in her hand passed on. I wonder how often she sold and re-purchased those same roses that afternoon! Isabelle only came to her alcove in the Café Anglais after she had been turned out of her little den on the staircase of the Jockey Club, the members of which very properly discarding her when it came to their knowledge that she, with all the money they were throwing into her lap, neglected to support her old bedridden mother.

At the Maison Dorée, nearly opposite, the head-waiter was Joseph, a very different kind of man from Ernest, but equally popular and equally celebrated. He was older than Ernest; was slight and somewhat ascetic in aspect; but he had the manners and bearing of a nobleman of the old *régime*, and the knack of saying pretty things—a trick acquired, perhaps, by his intimate association with all the leading men of letters of the day, from Dumas *père* (who made the Maison Dorée his headquarters while his money lasted) to Catulle Mendès. I remember one instance of this in particular. I gave a small dinner party there, in a private room, to a few men, and had invited to the gathering the well-known and very fascinating Valentine Biron, whose hands were the most exquisite I have ever seen. (She knew it, too, for in her salon she had models of them all over the place, in gold, silver, alabaster, platinum and what not.) She was a little late, no doubt intentionally, for she knew there was an enormously rich young Italian among my guests who was anxious to make her acquaintance. At length, however, the door opened and Joseph appeared with a smile and said: “Messieurs, j’ai l’honneur

de vous présenter la plus jolie femme de Paris," and in sailed, beaming, Valentine, a dream of loveliness; for, to enhance the effect of her Titian auburn hair and the exquisite whiteness of her neck and arms, she was dressed in black satin, the skirt and part of the corsage trimmed with fresh violets, freshly gathered and sewn on when she was dressed; and she wore only white jewels—pearls and diamonds. The effect was overwhelming on the young Florentine, and I fancy his admiration for this red-haired goddess cased in fresh violets, black satin, diamonds and pearls led later on to the drawing of many a cheque. The proprietors of the Maison Dorée were the Verdier brothers. They were enormously rich, both charming men, and famous for their knowledge of wines and vintages. They, and Dugleré of the Café Anglais, bought up the 'famous Lafite of the Comet year, paying a fabulous sum. It was done purely and simply as an advertisement, and one evening when I was dining at the Maison Dorée alone with Jack Corbet, the younger Verdier came up to my table and said, "I see, Monsieur, that you have shown your usual good taste in ordering wine"—

we were having, I remember, some very good still champagne—"but perhaps your friend" (Jack was so hideous that no doubt Verdier took him for an English millionaire or notability of some sort) "would like to try some of the Lafite of the Comet year." "My dear Verdier," I said, "you forget I'm not Paul Demidoff or Alphonse de Rothschild, and I can't afford to pay £20 a bottle for wine." "The price would be much more than that," said Verdier, "but, of course, I am offering it for your acceptance as you are so old an *habitué* of the house. I couldn't really charge for it because it is undrinkable. I only thought your friend might like to say he had tasted the most famous and most expensive wine in the world." So we had a bottle; it was, as Verdier said, absolutely undrinkable, like ink; so we only wetted our lips with this great and famous liquid. It had, of course, been kept many years too long.

Casimir, the head cook there, was another celebrity, known all over Europe. They only gave him £1,000 a year fixed salary, but he had ten per cent. on all the profits of the establishment, which, naturally, made him a rich man. He

presided over a whole regiment of under-chefs and kitchen boys, and was, I believe, a great martinet and severe disciplinarian in the kitchens; but once the mid-day work was over, Casimir was always to be seen standing in the Boulevard under a tree opposite his restaurant, surrounded by his kitchen assistants asking advice, money and what not, which was, I think, never refused, for he was perpetually handing out money to young marmitons. Another great source of profit to him was his pupils; lads would be sent to him to be taught cooking, and his fees were very high, for any pupil of Casimir could always command a big salary. The Prince of Wales usually took his cooks from Casimir, and so did Alphonse and Gustave de Rothschild. I made him win a nice sum on one of Fred Archer's mounts (I forget which) and in gratitude he came himself and cooked a wild duck with port wine at my table. I was in the public dining-room and the people who did not know me thought I was at least a millionaire or Grand Duke to have such an honour paid me. The public dining-room was a home of celebrities. One table was for financiers of the Rothschild group; another for literary men—Charles Yriarte, Dumas

fils and so forth : almost everyone in the room was a well-known and powerful personage in his special sphere.

Another Paris celebrity and *habitué* of the Maison Dorée, was Jack Hankey, who, as a matter of fact, lived directly opposite—over Tortoni's, in rooms belonging to his old friend Lord Hertford. Hankey (I can see him now with his deathly pale face and black velvet jacket) was notorious for having made it his hobby to collect at enormous expense all and everything in any way connected with the improper. His collection of erotic books, engravings, and paintings was famous. He had an edition of La Popelinière's famous (or infamous) *Amorous Passion at different stages in life*—a *Fermier Général* edition, which had belonged to Louis XV, and the white satin binding of which showed signs of wear and tear occasioned by the King carrying it in his pocket—a horrible treasure which he sold to the Duc d'Aumale for £12,000. He had also a *Hermaphroditus* by Beccadelli (Panormita) ornamented with original drawings by Boucher, Lancret, Pater and Watteau. The Prince of Orange wanted to buy this, but Hankey asked too much—something enormous. Then he

had a complete dinner service in Sèvres china made for the Regent Philippe d'Orleans—everything, every plate, every dish, even the salt cellars, erotic and obscene. Hankey valued it at £30,000. I remember going with Harry Milbank to see it and Harry pretending to put a salt cellar in his pocket, much to the alarm of Hankey!

One of Hankey's friends was Leopold II. of Belgium, who never came to Paris without lunching with him, and who, I fancy, must have bought a great many things from him, for he left a lot of filth of that kind behind him at his death, some of which came into the hands of his eldest daughter, the Archduchess Stéphanie of Austria (Comtesse Lónyay), who vainly tried to dispose of some of the least improper articles—notably a solid gold dinner service containing nude figures—in London during the Great War.

Another *habitué* of the public dining-room of the Maison Dorée whenever he came to Paris was old Ismail Pasha of Egypt, the Suez Canal man, for whom Verdi composed *Aïda*. I knew him very well, was introduced to him at Vichy by M. Charles Livet (the representative of the French Government there) and got to be quite

intimate with him during our walks "*between drinks.*" I can't say he was an amusing companion, for he chattered most of the time about women he had known ; and I must confess, if His Highness spoke the truth, that his experiences were very peculiar and, I hope, abnormal. He always looked very absurd, for he was fat and constantly wore light *lilac* (!) trousers, very tight, and an extremely short black jacket ; so, with his fez on, he did not look very awe inspiring as he waddled about. One of his fads was to pretend he had no money, and he always used to make me pay for everything. He had a great admiration for the Prince of Wales, but he did not like Queen Victoria at all. He said she had deceived him ! He had the greatest respect for Sir Edward Malet, and said he looked upon him as a perfect type of an English gentleman, in which I heartily agreed, as all must who had the pleasure of knowing that genial diplomatist. As he had heard that I knew Disraeli, I told him (Ismail) once laughingly that I wished I had had the honour of knowing him when the Suez shares deal was on, as I might have made some money, and he stopped short (we were walking in the Parc at Vichy), faced me

and said in a low tone and with a knowing look :
“ *Attendez, mon enfant* ; I shall have something very good for you soon ! ” What this “ good thing ” was, if not wholly a creation of the Khedival imagination, I never knew, but I heard no more about it. The old rascal made a “ good thing ” out of me to the extent of a few louis, paying as I did for his drinks and chairs and newspapers, and one thing or another. I didn’t spoil the Egyptian, the Egyptian spoiled me !

By the way, old Ismail was indirectly the cause of the death of two well known favourites of the French stage. He had a troop of French artists from Paris, and among them was Blanche d’Antigny (the heroine in those well-known *opéras bouffe*, by Florimond Hervé—*L’Oeil Crevé*, *Chilpéric*, etc.), and Priston, of the Palais Royal, who was very much like George Grossmith in appearance and acting, and who used to do the insipid dandy to perfection. On the return journey from Cairo to Paris, smallpox broke out on board ; Priston died of it and was buried at sea ; and just before landing poor Blanche caught it. She was brought to Paris to the Grand Hotel ; but when they heard who it was, and what

she had, they turned her out ; and but for the timely intervention of an old friend of hers whom she had helped into some trade, she would have been taken to the hospital. As it was, she died at her friend's home in the little entresol over Latinville's, the Glacier in the Avenue de Friedland, very near where Blanche herself lived. She could not go home as she had let her house during her trip to Egypt. Poor Blanche ! She was ugly, and very *canaille*, but she was very kind-hearted and amusing. She was simply smothered in diamonds that her Russian admirers in Petersburg had given her ; and she used to put them on all together and look like a jeweller's shop window. Her little house in the Avenue de Friedland took up the ground floor and entresol of a large house, the first floor of which was occupied by friends of mine. Blanche's house was in one way quite separate. She had her own entrance on the Avenue de Friedland—a door like that of a house in London—while my friends and all the other inhabitants of the house used the big *porte cochère* and grand staircase. But on this staircase, at the entresol floor, was a small door belonging to Blanche, opening into her house, in

fact ; and one day going upstairs with Miss Fanny Reed, the sister of Mrs. Paran Stevens and aunt of Lady (Arthur) Paget, to call on our mutual friends, *au premier*, just as we reached the entresol this little door opened and Blanche appeared—one mass of diamonds! She saw us, winked at me and disappeared, closing the door. Miss Reed, who was just ahead of me on the stairs, turned and looked at me and said with a comical smile : “ Who *would* be virtuous! ” Blanche d’Antigny was, of course, the original of Nana—everyone knew that ; and, in fact, Zola told me so himself ; but he admitted he had never even seen her, and was much interested in what I told him about her. That was, of course, long after he had published his book. As a matter of fact, Blanche was in no wise like Nana, except, indeed, that they both died of smallpox.

Speaking of Zola, whom I only knew slightly, he always seemed a very quiet unassuming man, quite unlike what one would picture him to be, but exactly what he originally was, a clerk behind a counter. He used his hands in rather a dramatic way (they were remarkably shapely, by the way, but always vilely dirty), and I remember noticing

this once very particularly. My mother and I and one of the Prince Henris de Reuss (I don't remember his number, they run up to over fifty before they change—but this one was the uncle of the lady who is married to the ex-Kaiser, and the husband of the sister of poor Emilie Loisset, the circus rider) were going to the Ambigu Theatre to see the dramatic version of *Pot-Bouille*, and that afternoon meeting Zola, near the Grand Hotel, I took him into the Café de la Paix for a drink. I told him where I was taking my mother that evening and said laughingly: "I hope it won't be too shocking, and that you haven't put that awful scene of the *fausse couche*" (readers of the book will remember the incident to which I allude—one of the most prominent and disgusting in that very disgusting book) "in the play." Zola laughed good-naturedly and said: "Not exactly." "But really," I continued, "to speak frankly, I can't for the life of me imagine how you can have possibly made a play out of that book of yours, for there is hardly an incident in it that is fit for the stage. Those things may be written about, and especially" (and here I bowed, of course) "with your incomparable talent; but

when it comes to putting them on the stage, I must say that I don't see how you can do it!" Again Zola laughed. "Well," he said, "I don't do it. Do you know William Busnach?"

"Yes: I am constantly meeting him at Sarah's."

"Exactly—well, he does it. He's adapted it for the stage."

"Of course, I know that, but even so I don't see how he has made a play of *Pot-Bouille*."

"Well, I'll tell you"—and here the hands and fingers began working, pushing forward, drawing back, clutching the air in such an excited and dramatic way that the people near us began staring, probably thinking that the dirty-looking black-bearded man was going to strangle the poor Englishman. "This is how Busnach does it. He takes some of my most prominent characters—those in front, as it were, and pulls them back; then those behind, the less prominent in the book, he draws forward; and as for the incidents, well, he just picks out and chooses here and there, and when necessary he tones them down."

Well, with all his pulling back, and pushing forward, Busnach only succeeded in concocting

a very stupid and rather obscene play, and we left before it was half over.

By the way, I said one night to Victor Hugo, at one of his evening receptions, really to tease him and see what he would say : “ *Cher maître*, what place in the literature of France do you think posterity will assign to Emile Zola ? ” The little man glared at me in angry amazement. “ *Comment ?* I don’t understand.” I kept my gravity and repeated my question. Hugo did not reply to me, but turned and called to Louis Blanc. “ Louis ! ” Blanc came very obediently. “ Yes, *cher maître*.” “ Our friend here,” said the great Victor, pointing to me, “ has asked me what position Zola may be said to have in literature ; what do you say ? ” “ I, *cher maître*,” replied Blanc very humbly (we were all of us and always as humble as whipped curs before the Great Man, at least apparently so), “ what do *I* think ? Why, what importance is my opinion—what do *you* think, *cher maître* ? ” Hugo smiled, a sovereign smile ; a smile in which amusement, pride and contempt were admirably blended, and, turning to me, he said, raising his voice in the old mountebank, come-in-and-see-the-bearded-lady way I

knew so well, so that all might hear him, “ *Mon enfant*, the writings of your friend ” (why my friend?) “ Emile Zola resemble literature in exactly the same degree as a slop-pail resembles a rose! ” Poor little Mme. Henri Houssaye—a pretty young American lady but recently married—was standing close by me, and our eyes met and we blushed in unison.

But I shall have much more to say of the great Victor later, for I saw a good deal of him, and he wrote me many letters which, of course, I have carefully preserved.

Next to the Café Anglais and the Maison Dorée as a fashionable feeding place, but *longo intervallo*, came Bignon’s—at first at the corner of the Chaussée d’Antin, but later on moved to the Avenue de l’Opéra. But it was not the same class of cuisine at all (in fact, the Maison Dorée with Casimir was like “ Eclipse first and the rest nowhere ”). It was more what is called the *Cuisine de Cocotte*, the sort of stuff Lord Lyons used to give you at the Embassy—the kind of thing you get in the “ high-class ” restaurants and hotels of London. I amused the Prince of Wales once by describing Bignon’s as partly a stable for

yearlings, and partly an asylum for broken-down cab horses; and it was a true description. At Bignon's the gilded youth began his wild career, with his *adorée*, and with no more knowledge of food than a cow has of waltzing—all truffles and champagne. To Bignon's tottered all the old *viveurs*—the truffle boy grown old (old, but, thank God, never wise! For nothing that leads a man to regret sweet smiles and tender lips can be counted as true wisdom). At the same place where, in the intoxicating atmosphere of *her* sweet smiles, he enjoyed his almost first *Homard à l'Américaine au feu éternel*, he came, between coughs and wheezes, to swallow his *œuf à la coque*. A boomerang kind of place indeed was Bignon's. The same lad, starting from there with the truffle, came back many years later on broken pinion for the boiled egg—the *Maison Dorée* and *Café Anglais* having provided for his wants in the long interval. Bignon was famous for the size of the eggs he provided (a boiled egg, by the way, is the recognized food of the *lion empaillé*) and, at the Halles Centrales his agent would never buy an egg that would pass through a napkin ring.

CHAPTER XII

Khalil Bey. The Jockey Club. High play. Carlo Hamilton. His idea of economy. The salutary legal curb so sadly lacking in this country. "Le Duc darling." Lord Campbell : his obsession. Mrs. Lloyd and the purity peer expelled from rooms for alleged misconduct. "Don Magnifico." His question to Marcus Beresford. Prince Sulkowski. His menagerie. I amuse the Prince of Wales about Sulkowski's supposed hotel bill. "Loulou" Schwarzenberg. His opinion of the Prince of Wales. Mathews. The ring and the delightful way it was given. Closmesnil. Schwarzenberg's infatuation. The "common" bedroom candlestick with extinguisher costing over a thousand pounds. My pastoral address to "La Belle Bouchère" on the Race-course.

IN the days I am writing about there was, as I have said, always a very strong suspicion of conspiracy about—at least in the inquisitive minds of the Parisian journalists ; and (*inter alia*) not content with saying that Mme. de Castiglione was sent to spy on Napoleon III and his Court,

it was suggested that La Gioja was sent to poison him, and that Margot Bellanger was the mother of a son by him. They gravely reported that the millionaire-spendthrift, Khalil Bey, was a spy in the pay of the *British Government*! This report amused him immensely, and he said to the Duke of Hamilton, "As I never spend less than two hundred thousand pounds sterling every year on my pleasures alone, if your Government is so generous as that, all I can say is that spying is a most remunerative and desirable profession!" He had been Turkish Ambassador (I think in Russia), but was an old Parisian, and came and took up his residence in the French capital not long before the fall of the Second Empire. He was a madly extravagant man, but his resources seemed absolutely inexhaustible. His prodigality made him, of course, very popular in *le monde où l'on s'amuse*, and at the same time made him very unpopular with a lot of young men who could hardly afford to throw away a thousand where he could plank down twenty times that sum without feeling it. This attitude on the part of the *jeunesse dorée* was so strong that when Paul Daru and Alexis Galitzine (by the way, the Galitzines got their name

from "Golitsa"—a gauntlet) called to ask him to allow his name to be put down for the Jockey Club, he declined, though much against his will, for he knew of the high play going on there then, and was a most reckless gambler. "Those silly boys you've got there would be sure to blackball me," he said; and of course, he was right. What was to be done? Carlo Hamilton (of all people in the world!) solved the problem; and pointed out that as Khalil had been an Ambassador he was entitled to become an honorary member, *sans ballottage*. So it was arranged. Fat, heavy, sore-eyed Khalil settled down in the Rue Scribe, and all the discontented babes fled to the Rue Royale. There was a tale current of Khalil Bey, Paul Demidoff, and miserable little Basil Narischkine each staking two million francs on a card, and of Narischkine winning. Years later I asked Demidoff if this was true, and he said it was not, but then handsome Paul greatly disliked, and generally avoided, speaking the truth; and he hated the anæmic Basil. This terrible kind of pace began by degrees to be too much for Carlo Hamilton, and especially as his most generous brother, the Duke, was doing about the same thing.

So Angus drew a cheque for an immense amount in his favour to pay his debts ; and Carlo rushed over to London to be quiet (as he put it) and retrench. I was with a tutor in the country at the time, and as I wanted him to take something over to Paris to my family (I heard he was going back—in fact, he couldn't stay away and I knew it) I came up early one morning to see him. He was staying at Long's, and breakfasting alone when I arrived. He was kind and cordial as usual, and pathetically explained that he was economizing. There were plovers' eggs at a ridiculous price each on the table, and a bottle of St. Marceaux ; this was Carlo's idea of economy ! But both brothers were by nature prodigal. My friend Angus, when a mere lad at Oxford, played the Old Harry there—making on one occasion the Mitre Hotel people put his table in the middle of the High Street where he dined, the traffic being turned to other channels. His bosom friend, the young (and last) Marquis of Harrington, died in his arms about that time. He was, like Angus, a mere youth, but unlike Angus, very delicate and couldn't stand the pace. But then that can hardly be wondered at. To compete with men so enormously rich

and lavish with their ducats as Khalil Bey, Prince Trauttmansdorff, Basil Narischkine, Paul Demidoff, Gramont Caderousse, and others, led to ruin, unless a *conseil judiciaire* intervened to check the prodigal. In this way, Daniel Wilson, afterwards the most respectable of legislators and son-in-law of President Grévy, was saved by his sister Mme. Pelouse ; and Trauttmansdorff and his still more eccentric friend Prince Sulkowski were restrained in the same fashion. But in England we have no such wise legal measure to which to resort ; and so the only thing to restrain Lord Charles Hamilton was a refusal on the part of his brother to provide further finance ; but dear Angus was too generous a man to be hard on the wayward Carlo. So he paid his debts over and over again ; Carlo always (and, of course, in perfect good faith) promising that reformation which naught but *pallida mors* could bring about.

Apropos of the Duc de Gramont Caderousse ("le Duc Darling") he was the original author of the saying, that has now become famous, "Wherever I sit is the head of the table." He said it at the country seat of Mme. de Poilly (Follembray) one night when he came to the dinner table, greatly

Bacchus-bruised, and sat down in the first chair he stumbled across. Mme. de Persigny called out to him, "*Tu sais*, darling, you ought to sit at the head of the table!" (Mme. de Poilly's husband was in Paris) and the drunken young spendthrift hiccupped out the remark to which I refer.

I wrote in *Uncensored Recollections* about Lord Campbell inducing the Duke of Edinburgh to go to the church in the Rue d'Aguesseau in Paris, and of the Prince's peculiar appreciation of his lordship's sanctity. Campbell was one of those men described by Professor Drummond as thinking in categories—being wholly absorbed in his own special hobby, or obsession; and Lord Campbell's special obsession was to put down in every way anything savouring the least of immodesty, with the result that his eager eye detected impropriety in things very often innocent. But this Apostle of Purity on one occasion met with an awkward and unpleasant adventure. In my first book I referred to Mrs. Lloyd, sister of "Citron's" jackal (whose deathly pale face and four-button black gloves were generally to be seen at the Opera in Paris on

Friday nights) and of meeting the ex-Monsignor Baür at her table in Paris. Well, although she hated London, she had to come over once to see some of her family (Gordons, the wine shippers), and put up at a small private hotel in Mayfair kept by a maiden lady of very old-fashioned and insular ideas and theories of propriety conceived in the glacial stage of this world's history. Mrs. Lloyd was ignorant of this, for the rooms had been taken for her quite innocently by her friend Mrs. Wilfrid Brougham. On the morning after her arrival, Lord Campbell came to see her. It was July, and the weather very hot. Mrs. Lloyd's sitting-room faced the sun, so on Campbell's arrival she pulled down the blinds. Not many minutes had elapsed ere the aged vestal who "ran" the hotel burst into the room crimson with indignation and shouted, "How dare you pull down the blinds the moment a gentleman calls on you? You abandoned woman! This is not Paris remember. You must leave the house with your paramour at once!" Mrs. Lloyd screamed with laughter, but poor Lord Campbell nearly had a fit. He said who he was, and tried to explain; but the landlady had never heard of

this middle-aged Scottish Sir Galahad. So out they had to go together from this Eden in Halfmoon Street—she, the Eve of much laughter, and he, the pawky peer whose lifelong pre-occupation it was to prevent the very apple-eating for which suspected offence he was now being cast out into Piccadilly. Mrs. Lloyd was never tired of telling the ridiculous story in Paris, and said that when she explained to her friend that as he was the cause of her disgrace he must go with her and find other rooms, his very Scottish countenance—the colour and texture of a Harris tweed—was the picture of blank Border bewilderment.

I spoke in a previous chapter of Prince Trauttmansdorff who entertained us all so sumptuously at the Maison Dorée, and at a masked ball at the Opera House. Of course, I refer to “Don Magnifico” as he was called, because of his reckless and insensate extravagance. This amusing (for he was very amusing) Austrian grandee is reputed to have squandered so much money in eighteen months that he was eventually put *unter curatel*, or given what the French call a *conseil judiciaire*—in other words, made a minor again as a protection for his family and against

himself. He gravely asked Marcus Beresford once if he thought an unattached man, with even the strictest economy and living in the country, could possibly exist on £5,000 a year. I need hardly say that the question was asked in perfect good faith. Another spendthrift who ran Don Magnifico very close, if indeed he did not exceed him in mad extravagance, was Prince Sulkowski. By the way, Count Schmettau, his son-in-law, called on me in London just before the war. He was a rigid, heel-clicking German who, to my amusement, told me he was staying at the Blackfriars Hotel, which his friends had recommended to him as being the most fashionable in London! Prince Sulkowski (who during one season in Paris I saw a lot of, and who, apart from his very evident eccentricity, was a very charming, very simple, very unaffected grand seigneur) had a hobby for collecting wild beasts and used to travel about with a very big menagerie. He arrived on one occasion at the Hotel du Rhin with a lot of lions and tigers; the proprietor took in the Prince and the two-footed members of his suite, but sent the four-footed pets to Neuilly for Pezon, the circus man, to take care of.

Sulkowski would put up with this in Paris, but in other towns he always insisted on having his wild beasts with him ; and I remember amusing the Prince of Wales by pretending that I had seen one of Sulkowski's weekly bills, at an hotel in the Kaiserstadt, which ran somewhat as follows :—

	Francs
Apartments 	5,000
Left leg of page-boy by panther ..	20,000
Chambermaid's right ankle by leopard ..	25,000
Waiter, right thigh by tiger 	30,000

and so on. My yarn, of course, was only a joke ; but such bills must very certainly have been sent in to Sulkowski, for his “ pets ” were constantly wounding and mauling people, and he had to spend thousands and thousands of pounds for damages. He also was put *unter curatel*.

Another Austrian grand seigneur I knew very well (and whom the Prince of Wales, by the way, was very fond of), but this time an absolutely charming one, was young Prince Schwarzenberg (Loulou). He was an out of the way good-looking youngster, full of the devil, but distinguished for his exquisite good breeding, simplicity, and absence of affectation. He told me (and I agreed

with him) that he thought the Prince of Wales one of the most refined men in feeling he had ever met ; and this was after a little scene he and I had witnessed at the Bristol that very morning. There was a poor Englishman, named Mathews, living in Paris, who had been born on the Balmoral estate. He was poor, but had just enough to live on (he lived at Passy) and the Prince of Wales, who had known him in the old days in Scotland, generally sent for him when he came to Paris. On the morning I refer to, the young Austrian came with me to say good-bye to the Prince, who was leaving that evening for England. There was nobody there but the Prince when we arrived, but presently a man came in from Boucheron, the jeweller, with a box full of rings and scarf-pins and sleeve-links ; and shortly afterwards Mr. Mathews appeared. The Prince, who had been carelessly chatting with Loulou and myself about trivial matters, rose and greeted Mathews with his usual kind cordiality and said : “ I sent for you, Mathews, because I know you have excellent taste. Now I want to make a present to a friend of mine whom I esteem very highly. This man here from Boucheron’s has got a lot of handsome

things. Do, like a good chap, look over them very carefully and see what you think is the best of the lot, the one likely to give the most pleasure." Mr. Mathews, greatly flattered and pleased, began his inspection while the Prince resumed his chat with Prince Schwarzenberg and myself. Presently Mathews came up holding out a ring, a ruby (pure corundum, not spinel, as I could tell at a glance, for I am very fond of rubies and know something about them) set in platinum and said: "I think this, Sir, is perhaps the nicest of all; if I were going to choose for myself, that's the one I should like best!" "Well, my dear Mathews," said the Prince, rising and smiling and slipping the ring on Mr. Mathews's finger, "you *are* choosing for yourself. I've long wanted to give you some slight souvenir and that's why I asked you to come here this morning, as I'm leaving to-night."

That is the little scene which pleased Loulou, and no wonder.

Quite by accident, I introduced Loulou to the well-known *demi-mondaine*, Closmesnil (*la belle bouchère*, as she was called) on the race-course at Auteuil. He fell in love with her at once, and began forthwith lavishing money on her in such

mad profusion as to make his infatuation the talk of Paris ; and this eventually led to his being recalled to Vienna and being put *unter curatel*. He is reported to have spent over two million francs on her in five weeks ; and, as a matter of fact, I think he spent much more, for among other things he bought her a pretty country seat near Tours on the Loire. One morning I was walking down the Rue de la Paix when the English manager of Dumoret, the famous jeweller, rushed out, stopped me and said, " I beg your pardon, Sir, but I know you like to see beautiful things. I wish you'd step in and see what we've just made for Mlle. Closmesnil by order of His Highness Prince Schwarzenberg. Mlle. Closmesnil told me you had introduced him to her, so I thought you might like to see this present ; it's really a work of art." So in I went. Loulou had already given her, as the man told me, every conceivable thing ordinarily given by men to women : rings, bracelets galore, *rivières*, tiaras, everything. So when it came to giving her a present for her birthday, nothing new remained to offer. Closmesnil, who was not a fool, suggested a candlestick, a symbol as it were. So candlestick it was ; and a common

bedroom candlestick at that ; and yet not quite common after all, for it was of solid gold—gold with so little alloy as to be almost soft and greasy—inlaid with precious stones representing flowers. The sketch, made by some great artist, had cost 3,000 francs. The extinguisher, also made of solid gold, inlaid with diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds, represented a cluster of American fuchsias, was an exquisite work of art in itself alike in design and execution, and cost just over a thousand pounds. The amount for the whole candlestick was nearly eight thousand pounds. Many months after the boy had been recalled to Vienna, I met Closmesnil again on the Auteuil race-course, and oddly enough almost on the very spot I had introduced the young Prince to her. She was talking to Harry Milbank when I came up and said solemnly : “ Do you remember something that took place here nearly three months ago ? ” She understood me and laughed. “ Yes, it was here you introduced me to Loulou ! ” “ Now,” I continued very gravely (much to the amusement of Milbank) as if I were delivering a lecture at the College de France, “ I want you to realize the fact that you are as surely the luckiest woman in

Paris, as you are one of the most fascinating. You have had at your feet for two whole months—just long enough and not too long—one of the handsomest lads in the world; one of the most charming in every way; one of the very greatest of grand seigneurs. You have had him all to yourself; he has adored you; lavished a small fortune on you; and you have had all this—himself, his charm, his love, his money—without the bother of marriage, and all the rest of it. And now this handsome boy has been withdrawn, before satiety could make either of you yawn. Don't you think, my dear, that considering all this, you owe it to the Kingdom of Love to get down on your knees here, and before the bell rings for the next race, lift your eyes to Olympus and thank Aphrodite for having given you eight weeks of perfect happiness? ”

CHAPTER XIII

Charles Yriarte. Dumas the Elder. "Lazarus to Belisarius." Richard Wallace. Lord Hertford. Davray. Dr. Scott. Lèon Gozlan. Balzac and Lord Hertford. The irony of fate. Eugène Sue. The pink plush waistcoat. Tropmann the assassin. His trial. *Une idée fixe* and *The Wandering Jew*. His execution. Colonel Lichtenstein's remark to me. Mme. de Persigny's comment. A double execution. Georges Sand. Her marvellous vigour. Nohant. Liszt and Chopin. The wager. De Sennal. Autographs. What constitutes their value. The copy of *Childe Harold* belonging to the old Marquis de Boissy, the hater of England and husband of Byron's mistress, La Guiccioli.

ONE of my most intimate friends was Charles Yriarte—a man I always saw a great deal of, not only in Paris, where, indeed, we met almost daily, but also in this country, for we often came over here together. When a mere boy he had had such an admiration

for the elder Dumas that he offered his services to the author of *Monte Christo* as secretary, and went with the great man to Italy. He used to tell innumerable anecdotes of his chief, whose generosity in matters of money amounted almost to insanity, and resulted, of course, in financial disaster to the warm-hearted prodigal. He kept a big bowl filled with gold coins on his table for his friends to help themselves from ; and when it was depleted—not a lengthy operation presumably—would carelessly tell his secretary to fill it again. Once in Naples, when young Yriarte was with him, an ancient warrior, wearing a few medals and selling matches, began singing a doleful song, just under Dumas's window, while he was writing. The author stood the mournful minstrelsy as long as he could ; and then, when the decrepit soldier's lament became too agonizing, wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, put it with a 100 franc note into an envelope and threw it out of the window to the man. Curious to find out what his chief had written, young Yriarte ran downstairs and asked the singer to let him see ; the missive read as follows : “ From Lazarus to Belisarius with all good wishes. Please sing no more this morning.”

Having begun life very young, Yriarte had been brought in contact with many of the celebrities of Louis Philippe's time—artists, men of letters and dandies ; and his charming personality and extraordinary gift of artistic perception—an almost uncanny faculty for recognizing values in paintings—opened to him the doors of many of the most exclusive Paris salons when he was yet quite a youth. Young Richard Wallace rarely undertook the responsibility of making a really important art purchase for Lord Hertford without consulting young Yriarte, and I passed a very interesting day once in London going through the Wallace Collection with my friend, who pointed out to me the several paintings and miniatures and other things he had been instrumental in making his friend Wallace buy. “ Mr. Richard,” as Wallace was called in Lord Hertford's household, was never treated on terms of equality by the eccentric Marquis and would never dare sit down in his presence without permission. And yet the old *roué* dearly loved his wife's illegitimate son, and Yriarte said it was comic to see the way he would kiss him good-bye every time he went out even on a trivial errand as if he were starting

on a long journey. And Sir Richard was himself the same with his son—also a bastard—and every time the boy left the house his father would take him to his bosom as if for a long farewell. I knew the lad well. He married Davray, a very handsome actress who played with Bartet and Réjane at the Vaudeville in Gondinet and Cohen's comedy *Le Club*, and who had been the *chère amie* of Théodore Barrière, one of the best playwrights even France has ever produced. Now as I say, this boy, like his father, had been born out of wedlock, but as his father, Richard Wallace, had married Mlle. Castelnau, the lad's mother, to make the son legitimate, so the son married Davray that his children (three sons) by her might cease to be bastards : and yet Lady Wallace was so angry she never really forgave her son for doing what his father had done. She left her grandchild the property on the Boulevard des Italiens, corner of the Rue Laffitte, where Tortoni's used to be (now a bootshop), but she only did this because she was forced to do so by the written command left by Sir Richard. The splendid collection of paintings and works of art which Yriarte had helped Sir Richard to collect for the Marquis, and

which was left to him, she bequeathed as we know to this country. Yriarte, by the way, came very near having a large sum left to him by Sir Richard. Wallace was ill in Boulogne-sur-mer, and wrote to Yriarte begging him to come to him. But it so happened that my friend was in bed with his periodical attack of hay fever, and so couldn't come: the result being that the doctor, whom Wallace happened by chance to call in, got what Sir Richard intended giving to the friend of his youth.

Having, as I say, begun life very young and so been brought into contact with many celebrities of bygone days, Yriarte had a fund of amusing details and stories about them. For example, he told me that Lèon Gozlan used to write stories on the wallpaper of his study as he stood before it, and would then have it taken off and sent to the printers. In these typewriting days the author of the *Aristide Froissard* would have to alter his method of mural inscription. But one story Yriarte used to tell about Balzac and Lord Hertford is very curious. The noble Marquis was a great reader, and one of Balzac's stories—I think it was *La Fille aux yeux d'or*—so pleased

him that he sent word to the publisher to come to him ; and when the millionaire " Milord's " mandate had been complied with he said, " I want to know the man who wrote that story. Bring him to me and at once, for I shall be going away in a few days!" Here was a poser. The man would have been only too delighted to obey the great Lord whose magnificence was the talk of the town, but it was impossible—at least for the moment. He had to explain. " The author, Milord, has no address. No one knows where to find him. He is afraid of his creditors, afraid of being locked up in Clichy prison. I see him occasionally but only when he comes with a manuscript, or for money. The next time I see him I shall tell him, of course, but I don't know when that will be."

" How much does the man owe ? "

" I have no idea, Milord."

" Well, you must find him, and find him at once. Tell him I'll pay all his debts, and give him 50,000 francs for the pleasure of knowing him. But I must see him this week as I'm leaving France."

The publisher tried his utmost ; but the author of the *Comédie Humaine* had hidden himself too

cleverly to be discovered, and when at length many weeks later he came to his publisher it was too late ; the wicked Marquis was far away. What a disappointment ; and one especially to be deplored in this case, for the whole episode was in itself Balzacian, and Lord Hertford the kind of " hero " Balzac liked writing about. Who can tell what might have been the result of such a meeting between the great novelist and the great Sybarite ! Surely Fate has rarely been more ironical, or played a more tantalizing trick. Imagine Balzac being as it were one of Lord Hertford's retainers—all debts paid, a princely salary, and nothing to do but write books to amuse his noble patron. Would he have given us better work or worse ? Better, thought Yriarte (and I agree with him), for Balzac's mind was of a class that would have been invigorated and stimulated by luxury and splendour—things he was always dreaming about and never possessing.

It may come as a surprise to many of my readers to learn that Eugène Sue, the author of *The Wandering Jew*, and of that book dealing with the dregs and scum of Paris, *Les Mystères de Paris*,

was a prominent member of the most fashionable society, a great dandy, in fact, and one of the original members of the French Jockey Club. Those were the days when Disraeli in London wore the famous green velvet trousers. Eugène Sue committed in Paris an almost equally splendid deed of daring by appearing at the Café de Paris, with Lord Henry Seymour, wearing a bright pink plush waistcoat! By the way, speaking of *The Wandering Jew*, I myself heard Tropmann, one of the most famous criminals of the last century, say something about this celebrated romance which is worth recording. Tropmann murdered, I think, seven people before he was one-and-twenty—wiped out a whole family. He killed in the country the father Kinck, and the eldest son Gustave Kinck; then he came to Paris; took the widow and four children for a drive to Pantin; took the woman and two children first, leaving the others in the carriage; killed them; partly buried them; and then came back for the remaining two; took them away and treated them in the same diabolical fashion. The bodies were not found all at once, but by degrees: and certainly no crime of modern times excited greater

horror in Paris; indeed it spread terror, for it seemed almost supernatural in its atrocity. Members of every class flocked to the plain of Pantin to see where the awful discoveries had been made, and indeed, one of the leading members of Paris society, Count Potocki, found himself connected with the tragedy in rather a gruesome way. Standing, talking to some ladies, on the Pantin plain, on the day following the discovery of the first bodies, and twiddling his walking stick about in a careless way on the ground as he chatted, he suddenly found the end of the stick entangled in something. It was human hair: another victim's body hurriedly buried just beneath the surface. When the case came on at the Cour d'Assises, it was impossible to get in (Countess Tascher de la Pagerie, a connection of the Emperor, tried in vain to get a ticket). But my friend the Duke of Hamilton got two seats on the judicial estrade, just behind the seats of the judges, and took me with him. Mme. de Gallifet, the Duc de Fernan Nunez, Atlee (our Consul in Paris), and Prince Marco Colonna sat with us. In the meantime the bodies of the father and of the eldest son had been discovered in the country,

and I heard the evidence of the doctor who said that although beyond doubt both men had been poisoned by prussic acid, the formula found in Tropmann's handwriting among his papers was not at all the one used to produce that poison; so he had practically invented it. Tropmann confessed that he had decided to destroy the whole Kinck family; and had come to this decision after reading *The Wandering Jew* and seeing how Rodin does his infernal work. Speaking in a low but very distinct voice from the dock, this sinister youth said, "One who reads many books may receive no fixed impression from them; but he who reads but one, has a fixed idea (*une idée fixe*). I only read *Le Juif Errant*, and then I saw what I had to do and how it could be done!" How little did this harmless pink-plush-waistcoated dandy think what awful fruit his great romance would bear. This remark of Tropmann is said to have given Paul Bourget the idea of his novel *Le Disciple*.

Before leaving this gruesome subject, I must mention a peculiarity I noticed in the youthful assassin—his thumbs were almost as long as his forefingers, and gave his hands as they rested

before him on the railing of the dock the appearance of having each five fingers. Angus Hamilton took a window on the Place de la Roquette to see him guillotined, but the excitement in Paris and all through France was so great that the execution was perpetually being postponed; and morning after morning saw enormous crowds come away disappointed. Hamilton arranged to send for me the moment he heard from headquarters when the execution was really to take place, and I held myself in readiness; but when at last the note came—"It's for to-morrow morning. Meet me at the Café Anglais at 11.30 to-night and we'll sup together and go on"—I had a bad sore throat, and my parents wouldn't let me leave the house. So the Duke and his party of friends, which included General de Gallifet, Paul Demidoff, the Duc de Fernan Nunez and many more, saw the exit of Tropmann without me, to my very great regret. Many years later Colonel Lichtenstein (Sarah Bernhardt's friend and President Grévy's military aide-de-camp) said to me laughingly, "Well, there's one good thing the recent war has done for us—Tropmann's no longer a Frenchman." The murderer was born in Alsace.

One incident connected with the trial I shall never forget. When the great criminal advocate Lachaud (who was defending the accused) after a long *péroration* finally exclaimed in a dramatic tone, "But these are not merely many murders; it's a massacre, the lad is mad!" Mme. de Persigny called out in her loud, coarse voice, "Ah, je m'y attendais ! A la bonheur ! C'est la folie maintenant !" But that day at the Cour d'Assises (it was the last day and the man was not condemned to death till nearly ten at night, and I had to rush back to dress and go and join my family at the Opera) was like a *première* at the Comédie Française. It was not till many years later that I saw the guillotine at work—on two men, Lebiez and Barré, one after the other. And almost the worst part of the whole awful spectacle was the sight of the limping executioner Deibler, with his tall silk hat and frock coat, wiping with a sponge the knife that had just cut off the head of Barré to make it clean to cut off the head of Lebiez.

But let's leave the Place de la Roquette and rolling heads to go back to Yriarte's pleasant apartment in the Rue Taitbout.

Yriarte knew Georges Sand very well, and, like everyone who knew her, told me she was entirely devoid of heart, except for her children. She was an absolute Messalina—*lassata sed non satiata*—who took to her arms men like Sandeau, De Musset, Chopin and Liszt, merely for the notoriety such liaisons brought, much preferring hall porters, carmen and the like. This is not scandal, nor merely the appreciation and opinion of one man, but the *consensus omnium populorum* of all who were intimately acquainted with that strange genius who would write in the most elevated and romantic tone of love, and then throw her arms round the neck of the porter who carried up her boxes. I am not now referring to her conduct in Venice with the doctor, during the illness of the author of *Les Nuits*; nor to her treatment of the refined, delicate-minded Jules Sandeau, half of whose name she assumed when she left her husband, came up to Paris, put on trousers and began to be famous in many ways. Nor, indeed, do I refer to any one single episode in her life; but to the whole tenor of it until her fame became a thing of the past, and the lady herself too old even to interest the man who

waxed the parquet. But in all things she was untiring. She would write the last lines of a novel, say, at 11; put the page aside; take another piece of paper and begin another novel at 11.5; and this was not an exception, but her *habit*. Yriarte, like most people, admired her genius, and indeed liked the woman herself, for she had many lovable qualities apart from her poses and passions, and was an admirable hostess. He often stayed at Nohant, and I remember an amusing story he told me of one visit. Liszt and Chopin were staying there at the same time, and after dinner one or the other of the great artists would play the piano while the hostess and all her guests sat in the dark enjoying the improvisations. One morning at breakfast, a discussion began between the Abbé and Chopin as to which was the greater man of the two. Chopin, with the *naïveté* of conscious genius, alleged that he was a far greater man than Liszt, a thing the great pianist would not admit. At length Chopin said, "Well, I tell you how I can prove that I'm a greater man than you. I can imitate you, but I defy you to imitate me!"

“You can’t imitate me—I defy you to!” exclaimed the Abbé.

That evening in the dark, after dinner, Liszt began playing. He was at his very best, never more brilliant, and surpassed himself in *virtuosité*. Everyone was enthusiastic and applauded heartily: but when the candles were brought, lo and behold, it was Chopin! “Now imitate me like that if you can,” he said to Liszt. The Abbé had to admit that he could not; it was quite out of his power.

Personally I never saw Georges Sand but once, and then she was a very old woman. It was at the Odéon; they were playing one of her pieces, *Les Beaux Messieurs de Bois Doré*, and I was in a stage box with the Montebellos when an old lady came into the box opposite with two middle-aged gentlemen and sat with her back to the audience. The Duke recognized her at once and whispered to me who she was. She seemed full of life and spirits and not at all as one would expect the great *amoureuse* to be in the November of her life. A few years later, the natural son of the Duc de Montebello, a naval officer and most charming and popular man (his name was de Sennal, the

family name of the Duke spelt backward), gave me a whole boxful of autographs of celebrities, and among them there was a long letter of four pages from Georges Sand describing at great length the kind of furniture she wished an upholsterer to send down to Nohant. This long letter on so comparatively trivial a subject was written in the firm handwriting of a woman of twenty ; and yet it was dated the year before she died. In this mass of autographs were letters from all kinds of people—quite two dozen from the first Napoleon, but only one of them of real value, one written before he changed the spelling of his name and signed NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE. This letter I gave to the Duke of Edinburgh. I have never collected autographs, and an expert who saw the letters said that one from Rachel (ordering a large straw hat) was worth all the others put together, because of its rarity—the great actress writing but seldom. I sent most of them to a tutor of mine in Kent, but the one from Rachel I gave to Anaïs Fargueil, one of the greatest of French actresses, who was so quarrelsome that she caused trouble in every company in which she was engaged, and so eventually was *mise*

à l'index by all the managers. The value of an autograph is according to its rarity; and not according to the prominence of the writer, so the letter of an actress, Rachel, was of more value than those of Napoleon, Talleyrand, Guizot, Lamartine, Danton, Chateaubriand, and all the others from famous pens—but pens that wrote much. Yriarte gave me a great many letters from celebrities, but they were of no real market value for the reason I have mentioned. But Yriarte gave me one book which was perhaps of no great market value, but very interesting, and which I lost. It was a copy of *Childe Harold*, which had belonged to the Marquis de Boissy, the husband of Byron's *chère amie*, La Guiccioli, and which had the name of the England-hating old Marquis written in it by himself. The intimacy of the author with the wife of the man whose signature was on the title page gave an interest to this thin volume which I always intended to give to the British Museum. De Boissy had presented it to Yriarte himself. Wentworth, Byron's grandson, saw it and wanted me to give it to him.

CHAPTER XIV

Felix, the Emperor's confidential valet. "Nothing will happen." The handle side of the broom. Conspiracies in the air. Vichy. True—but veiled—tale of a conspiracy in which someone had to be bribed and yet no word spoken. The Ball at the French Foreign Office. The waltz music of Waldteufel and that of Johann Strauss. Success. More racehorses bought. Mme. Dournow. The late Mr. Stead. His fatal mistake in seeking information. Abe Lincoln's remark to Lord Lyons. The human heart. The only man who knows it. The Abbé Hurel of the Madeleine. His popularity in Society and in Boudoirs. Terrible confessions. A sincere man, not a hypocrite. Disraeli on Cardinal Wiseman. Bernal Osborne's revenge on Lord Beaconsfield. Hurel the Archbishop of Paris and the Comtesse de K. Lord Lyons. The double life of a murdered priest. The lunch at Lord Glenesk's at Hampstead. Kite flying. The Cardinal's comment and the reply. Chauncey M. Depew and some of his tales. Travers and the Medium.

AS the Empress had her confidential maid, Pepa, so the Emperor had his confidential servant Felix—Felix Escalier, to give him his name in full. The Villa Felix still at Vichy

was his property, and he owned many villas there. I remember him well, and his son too, likewise named Felix. Old Felix was devoted to his master, and at the time of the *coup d'état*—although the conspirators had kept the secret so well that no one except themselves knew what was going to take place—suspecting something he said to Louis Napoleon the very night before (I had this from his son): “In the event of anything taking place, M. le President, had I not better take some precautions, make some preparations?” (laying his hand on a travelling bag belonging to the Prince as he spoke). Louis Napoleon smiled and said: “Fear nothing, *mon bon* Felix, you need make no preparations. Nothing will happen!” Within eight hours most of the Deputies were arrested in their beds (not to speak of ordinary citizens and foreigners, my uncle among the number), the town full of troops, and martial law proclaimed! The previous evening, the same night that Felix asked his master if he should make preparations in case of a crisis, Morny, bright and gay as ever, was at the Opera Comique, and when Mme. Liadières asked him, “Is it really true that the Prince

President's going to sweep out (*balayer*) the Chamber?" he laughed and replied, "I have no idea, Madame, but it's true I shall try my best to be on the side of the handle!"

The ignorance prevalent in this country concerning most of the real facts connected with the *coup d'état* is exemplified in a very amusing and significant way by the remark of a reviewer of *Uncensored Recollections* who, slyly and cynically—the query doubtless meant to be barbed with sarcasm—asked in effect, respecting my assertion that Morny "engineered" the whole *coup de main*, "How about Saint Arnaud and de Maupas?" Had he said: "How about Flahaut and Mocquard?" there might have been some sense in the question. But Saint Arnaud and de Maupas! Angels and ministers of grace defend us! What utter rubbish! What arrant nonsense! To ask what part Saint Arnaud and de Maupas had in engineering the *coup d'état* is like asking how far Bismarck's famous hound Tyras influenced the political speculations of his master.

As my father had been on terms of close intimacy with Prince Louis Napoleon in London,

and knew not only Morny but his father the Comte de Flahaut, whom he often met at Bowood; and as Fleury, Mocquard and Persigny were habitués of my mother's salon where everything was always very freely discussed, I think I can claim to know something of the events concerned with the famous *coup d'état* of the 2nd December. Very briefly the situation was as follows. A sudden act of violence was deemed necessary. It partook not a little of the nature of what we may term a dirty job; at all events it would, beyond doubt, involve some very dirty work; and Louis Napoleon being in his essence a gentleman, for a long time positively refused to entertain the idea, pointing out the obvious, namely, that quite apart from any other consideration, as cannon and rifle would have to be called in, even if the coup met with the success they all felt certain of, the contemplated act of violence would be soiling the Second Empire from its very birth with the blood of France. For months and weeks and days Morny, Mocquard and Persigny urged in vain the Prince President and Fleury, who agreed with his master and advised the "wait and see" policy. Then Fleury gave way, and finally Louis

Napoleon consented, very reluctantly and (as Fleury told my father and mother) chiefly because he did not think anyone could be found to do the necessary work of violence; for it was obvious that whether the coup succeeded or failed, two men—the Prefect of Police and the man who commanded the troops—would be covered with infamy. How to find two men willing to undertake such jobs was therefore the problem. And to add to the difficulty, nobody could trust anyone else. Changarnier was conspiring against Louis Napoleon, and the Prince against Changarnier. There were spies on every side—the most officious (who went from one camp to another) being a vile creature named Gelis who, under Louis Philippe, had been French Consul in Mexico. Carlier was Prefect of Police, but refused to retain his office during the coming crisis although devoted to the Prince President, and for a long time no decent man—at least outwardly decent—could be found to take Carlier's place. At last Persigny (who, by the way, when the post half in jest was offered to him, replied, “I've no desire to become the *crachoir* (spittoon) of Europe!”) suggested de Maupas, the

Prefect of the Department of the Upper Garonne, a weak voluptuary, very vain, who could be relied on to obey the orders secretly given to him from the Faubourg St. Honoré. So he was dragged from Toulouse ; offered the post ; hesitated at first ; but finally was persuaded to accept it by a fair ballerina, Vertelli by name. De Maupas could never resist a petticoat. The man was a mere puppet ; never dared take a step without orders from the Elysée ; and personally had no more to do with the planning of the *coup d'état* than his fair friend of the *entre-chats* : possibly not even so much, as Morny was not insensible to the charms of the nimble Italian lady to whom I refer. Years after poor old de Maupas wrote a silly and fanciful account of the part he had played in the drama of the *Deux Décembre*—a ridiculous book which evoked the scorn and laughter of all who knew the facts of the case. De Maupas was very often at our house. With his long whiskers and asinine expression he looked like a feeble and French imitation of Lord Dunderbary. Sometimes when a child with my nurse I brought letters from my father to him at 27 rue du Bac (I can see the address now on the enve-

lopes!) and later, I walked more than once in the Champs Elysées by the side of the bath-chair in which, owing to his excessive submission to sweet smiles, he was forced in his latter days to take the air. He was a mere cypher—almost as much of an empty-headed clown as Floquet, whose buffooneries, however, were of a much later date.

A Chief of Police having been found, the next thing was to discover an Army officer base enough to command French soldiers to shoot down defenceless French citizens. Fleury discovered the required miscreant. De Maupas was merely a fool. Saint Arnaud was both a fool and a blackguard, and all that Kinglake says about him is true. In fact, the man was really far more of a villain than even Kinglake suspected. My parents did not know him personally, for no decent people ever received him. It was a matter of common knowledge that there was nothing he would not do for money, and the Cornemuse scandal and tragedy is too well known to be recorded here. Not only the Prince President, but Morny, Mocquard, Fleury and Persigny looked upon the man with disgust and

contempt, and he was simply made use of to do the murder work—an awful task he successfully accomplished. My French schoolboy friends (I never went to school in France, but my French boy chums were all from the Jesuits, the Dominicans or Stanislas) used to spin a funny yarn about someone coming to Saint Arnaud for orders how to deal with possible manifestations of discontent on the part of some working men. The villain was coughing (he was always coughing and spitting), and stammered out between the spasms, “Ma-ma-sacrée-toux!” (my damned cough)—which the aide-de-camp, knowing his chief’s character and views, understood as “Massacrez tous” (massacre all) and transmitted the order!

But this is all ancient history. I have now to relate something concerning the younger Felix Escalier and one of his villas at Vichy. I have spoken of conspiracies and rumours of conspiracies being very much in the air during the last few years of the Second Empire and first years of the succeeding Republic. I am now going to narrate the true story of a conspiracy—true, a harmless one, but still a conspiracy—and it behoves me to be very careful and guarded in what I say, for our

Foreign Office had not a little to do with it, and some of the people concerned in it are still alive, though most of them have been taken from us. If you want to conspire, Vichy is *par excellence* the best place to conspire in—of course, I mean during the season there. The place is crowded, and with people of every class and from every country. Everyone's liver is (or can be, if required) out of order; and as the Vichy waters are supposed to work wonders with that useful part of our anatomy, it is only natural that men and women of every rank of life should flock to the little town by the Allier. So the presence of a Prince there excites no more curiosity or comment than the presence of an ordinary individual; and as time hangs heavy between the drinks at the different springs—say from a hot drink at the Grand Grille to a deliciously cool one at the Lardy, there is nothing in any way to be considered as out of the way if the ordinary man and the Prince are seen openly chatting together—a familiarity quite impossible to exist under different conditions without bringing forward the newspaper man with fountain pen and notebook. Now to this Paradise of plotters, one season in the middle 'seventies,

came two persons well known to me; one was a mere lad, an Englishman. He put up at the Parc. The other was an Englishman too, but a man of middle age with that peculiar stamp and bearing which the Foreign Office used in the old days to give its officers. He put up at the Ambassadeurs. Then to a private villa, a villa belonging to Felix Escalier fils, came one of the Dolgorouki Princesses—a *chère amie* of the Tsar. These three saw much of each other, as was indeed only natural, all being of the same *monde*, and two of them fellow-countrymen. Then someone came down from Paris, from the Hotel Borghese, and joined this trinity; but his liver evidently did not require the usual three weeks' cure, for he returned to the wing of Lord Lyons within a week. Not long afterwards the others left—they had completed the orthodox twenty-one days—and seemed to leave in something of a hurry on the arrival of Paul Demidoff, the most inquisitive and suspicious man I ever met, and who ought to have been called Paul Pry Demidoff. The elder man returned to England, the youth remained in Paris, and the lady went back to the banks of the Neva. Now to take just a slight and harmless

glimpse behind the curtain, I may say that the youth had undertaken the rather difficult and delicate task of bribing a lady without speaking or writing. He had not been asked to undertake this: he had offered to do it. He was in his early twenties; thought himself no fool, and was not hampered by want of self-confidence. He was to have a considerable sum if he succeeded (the Foreign Office man said in a very flattering way, "I feel sure you'll pull it off—am quite certain of it; so I don't mind the risk of being blamed if by any mischance you should fail"), and as he had a few racers and wanted more, it was, I fear, the base lust for lucre that lured him to attempt this very Sardou-like job. In due course Princess Eve arrived in Paris from the Russian capital, having been told by artful old one-eyed Prince Orloff that a youthful serpent with plenty of apples at his command would slide across her path at the first opportunity. A ball was given at the *Affaires Étrangères* which Eve and the serpent attended. Now if any of my readers know the rooms at the Palais du Quai d'Orsay, they will remember the big windows there. Very close to one of these windows the lady and the serpent

lurked ; they had been dancing together and were tired ; the Carmen waltz (dedicated to Carmen, Duchesse de Montmorency, *née* Aguado) was still wooing the air. The serpent suddenly breathed on the window, and with his finger wrote a number (the succeeding noughts were understood). Eve glanced at it ere it faded away, and said, shaking her head and smiling as she fanned herself, “ No, I really don’t care for Waldteufel’s music.” Another breath : another numeral. This time the lady nodded as she smiled. “ Oh yes,” she said. “ You’re right. There’s no one like Johann Strauss for waltz music ! ” Then another turn before Carmen ceased ; a whispered “ Vous êtes adorable, Princesse,” from the serpent ; a visit two days later to our Embassy from the brother of an Irish peer ; Bank of England notes ; everyone satisfied ; many flattering things said ; more race-horses ; Curtain, as the orchestra plays “ God save the Queen.”

Very many years later I heard the story told of this bribery—how it had been conducted, and what was its result—in the salon of Mme. Dournow in the then delightful town now known as Petrograd ; and the tale was wrong in every particular. But

that, of course, is how history is written ; and while my gracious hostess was impressing on me how correct in every detail her account of this strange episode was, I could not help recalling to mind the words of that clever diplomatist, Cardinal de Retz, who says (I quote from memory), " If you do not wish to be considered a fool, you must accustom yourself to hear people who know nothing about it, tell you what you know all about."

By the way, when the late Mr. Stead, then of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, once told me in Paris of a book he was writing about Russia and I told him he was making some great and even ridiculous mistakes in it, he exclaimed, " Well, as you know the Russian Court society you must know the cleverness and importance of Mme. Dournow." " I do," I replied. " Well, I got these facts from her," he said very triumphantly.

" Did you indeed. Well, now, tell me how were you introduced to her—as the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, or merely as Mr. Stead ? "

" Oh, as the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of course : simply as Mr. Stead I'd have been of no importance."

I had to laugh ; the *naïveté* of this clever but narrow-minded man was what old de Villemessant would have called “pyramidal.” “Now, my dear friend,” I said, “I put it to you : do you think that a very artful and intriguing lady like Mme. Dournow, who has all kinds of fishes to fry and innumerable irons in the fire and axes to grind, and who, like many Russians, has no extravagant respect for veracity, is going to tell the real facts about such important, delicate and national matters to the Editor of an English newspaper ? The idea is absurd. We English are not really liked in Russia, and Mme. Dournow has gone out of her way to load a London Editor with a pack of lies so that when he publishes them he will look like a fool.”

Poor Stead was somewhat crestfallen ; but I believe he made some alterations in his writings about Russia, for he knew I was entirely unbiased and disinterested ; and that, owing to a certain reason which I will not allude to here, but which Stead and all my friends and acquaintances were well aware of, I was intimately acquainted with the inner Court life of Russia during the reign of Alexander III. The profes-

sional reporter can more easily than any other man be made into an unconscious purveyor of falsehoods; and the higher he flies the more likely he is to be treated with politely veiled derision. When Moses sought to see God's countenance, Jehovah showed him His back. There is much food for helpful reflection in Fleet Street in the account of that "special interview." The astute law-giver could not circumvent the great En Sof of the Kabbalists, although no doubt he led the children of Israel by the nose, which is probably the reason why our friends of the circumcision are not often to be found lacking in nasal amplitude.

Abraham Lincoln once said to Lord Lyons, who told me the fact himself, "There are two people to whom even the most naturally truthful person is apt to tell a lie—not wilfully, of course, but rather out of a desire to be specially correct—the doctor and the interviewer." Lincoln was by no means the extraordinary man silly people have said he was, but merely quite an ordinary man with courage, honesty and knowledge of men—far more useful in a crisis than a man of genius—but what he then said to our ambassador

in Washington is profoundly true, and shows how well Uncle Abe knew that curious hostelry, the human heart ; that is, knew it as well as a shrewd student of his fellow beings *from the outside* can know it. Joseph de Maistre says, " I don't know what the heart of a bad man is : but I do know the heart of a good man ; and it is a very repellent thing ! " But an outside view of human nature teaches really nothing : it is too thickly shrouded in conventionalities, mendacities (both voluntary and unconscious) and the like, to provide any really reliable data. There is only one man who knows humanity as it really is—the Roman Catholic priest to whom the penitent confesses. The father doesn't know ; the mother doesn't know ; the husband doesn't know ; the wife doesn't know ; the lover doesn't know ; and the mistress doesn't know. But the priest knows ; and he alone.

One of the leading, most popular and fashionable, and most charming of priests in Paris—the Abbé Hurel, one of the vicars of the Madeleine—was an intimate friend of mine. He was, I fear, a freethinker ; but his sermons were eloquent : and his *déjeuners* in his charming little apartment

in the Rue de la Ville l'Evêque most delightful. He was a very handsome man—in appearance very much like Bressant of the Théâtre Français, for whom he was, when in mufti, often taken, much to his amusement—and enjoyed the smiles of many ladies of the *grand monde* on both sides of the Seine. He and I were very old and intimate friends, and always glad to do each other any service. For example, I came over on one occasion to London on purpose to make it a personal favour with Algernon Borthwick to have Hurel's book *Flavia* reviewed in the *Morning Post*; and he, on another occasion, at my request, used his influence with a very great lady of the Faubourg St. Germain (who could do as she liked at the Quai d'Orsay) to keep a very offensive youth from being sent to the French Embassy in London. I being a Protestant, the Abbé could speak openly to me; and I may truly say (without mentioning names) the incredibly awful things he told me as having been confessed to him would put to shame and cause to blush even that arch-devil the Marquis de Sade.

By the way, in speaking of this eloquent preacher and most charming of priests (and I have known

many charming ones, Cardinal Howard among others) I have called Hurel a freethinker. By this I do not mean that he was not a Christian—far from it. But he greatly disliked what is masquerading now in that name in many high influential quarters, not only in England but abroad. Hurel was above all a sincere man in his faith; but I must confess that he had an epicurean side to his nature as well. I remember when I told him that Disraeli had said Cardinal Wiseman had two sides: the lobster salad side and the supernatural side, Hurel was greatly amused. It might have been said with equal truth of him; and perhaps indeed of not a few of us. But as the name of the idol of my youth, Disraeli, comes to my pen again, and as I remember having told in *Uncensored Recollections* of his well merited rebuke to Bernal Osborne when he said something slighting in regard to Lady Beaconsfield, I must mention that from that day the father of the present Duchess of St. Albans became a bitter enemy of the author of the famous “Peace with Honour” phrase (not really Dizzy’s, by the way, but originally Burke’s) and very wittily pilloried that silly expression by saying “Peace,

yes: the peace that passeth all understanding: and such honour as is found among lieves!"

In speaking of Abbé Hurel, I have said that he was sincere. He was not a hypocrite like Baür. His flirtations in the *grand monde* were known to most people in society. He never pretended to be a saint, and when Archbishop Darboy—himself a man of the most exquisite purity of character—once remonstrated with him smilingly on his great intimacy with a very beautiful countess who was his close neighbour, and whose husband had certain views similar to those of Benvenuto Cellini and Michael Angelo, Hurel very honestly offered to resign his office at the Madeleine, and retire altogether, if his conduct gave rise to any scandal, adding with a sly smile: "But while Mme. la Comtesse is so near me, and her husband is always so far from her, I can hardly refuse her my sympathy and advice." All fashionable priests, whether Roman, Orthodox or Anglican, are not so frank; and in relation to this I have rather a curious fact to narrate—a story never known but to very few and possibly known to none now living.

Lord Lyons who, at the time I am referring to, was our Ambassador in Paris, decided, as is well known, to become a Roman Catholic just before his death. The general impression was that his nephew, the late Duke of Norfolk, influenced him to take this step; but, of course, to anyone who knew the two men well, that view is grotesquely absurd; for, in the first place, Lord Lyons was too clever, shrewd and broad-minded a man to allow anyone to influence his judgment in a matter of such importance and delicacy; and, in the second place, the late Duke (an excellent man but a pitifully shallow theologian) was too comically bigoted to convert a gorilla. No: Lord Lyons carefully studied the matter; consulted persons worth consulting; and finally decided to leave the Anglican for the Roman Church because he believed the latter to be the more true and sound. He did not care to repose on the soothing see-saw described by Voltaire: "The Roman Church is infallible: the Anglican is never wrong." Now what I have to say is that Lord Lyons would have 'verted long before he did but for a curious fact; and as I had it from his own lips (we used to

meet on Sunday mornings at the little English church in the Rue d'Aguesseau nearly opposite the Embassy, and very often after service take a long walk together) it may be accepted as correct.

Lord Lyons knew my friend Hurel and held him in high esteem, not only for his many amiable and brilliant qualities, but also because of his not being a hypocrite regarding his love for the smiles of pretty women. It was this honesty which especially commended itself to our Ambassador and eventually led to his confiding to me the following facts. He had long been in close communication with another priest at the Madeleine (the Abbé Duguerry) concerning the doctrines of the Roman Church, and Duguerry had gone far to convince him of its superiority to any other form of Christian worship—so much so indeed that, just before the Franco-Prussian War broke out, Lord Lyons had nearly decided to leave the Church of England. But the war, succeeded by the Commune, postponed everything. During the Commune, Duguerry was murdered by the Communists; and not long after that tragedy, a woman came to Sir Edward Malet and said that

she was an actress named Felicie Delorme, who had been under the sole protection of Duguerry for years. Letters from Lord Lyons having been found in the possession of the murdered priest, she had come in her despair to see if his Excellency could do anything for her. This extraordinary story was looked into and found to be true. Lord Lyons did all in his power to help the woman : but he confessed to me that this revelation of the double life led by the Abbé had so shocked him that he thought it best to reconsider the soundness of the views of a man capable of such duplicity.

I remember that when Lord Lyons told me this, I amused him by quoting James Stephen's description of the kind of Christian who patronizes the creed because of its ethics and goes no further : " One who, having listened with approval to the Sermon on the Mount, and not having had his attention called to the miracles, died before the Crucifixion." This, I believe, Stephen meant for Greg : but it is a good description of not a few of the pulpit brayers of the present day in all branches of the Christian Faith. But speaking of Roman Catholicism and Lord Lyons brings an

odd coincidence to my mind. The last time I saw our former Ambassador to France was at Algernon Borthwick's at Hampstead. He was lunching there, and so was Chauncey M. Depew, Charles Yriarte and myself; and after lunch, we ran about the Heath like children, flying kites. Lord Lyons did not do much running, it's true, for he was getting very fat (he said once to his cousin, who was also enlarging in girth, "We don't meet often, but when we do we always see more of each other"), but he did what a Scot would term "just a wee bit," and these caperings having been brought to the notice of an English Cardinal, his Eminence expressed his disapproval of such harmless exercise on the part of the no longer young. "Ah," said his informant, "then I'm afraid there's no hope for you; the child has gone quite out of your life; and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

At that luncheon party at Heath House, Chauncey M. Depew was, I remember, as amusing and full of funny stories as usual. Lord Glenesk rather believed in Eusapia Palladino (a very remarkable woman, by the way, but one who, like D. D. Home and other "psychists," mixed the

genuine with the fraudulent) and Depew chaffed him about it and told him of a séance in Boston, U.S.A., where Bill Travers had gravely asked, with his inimitable stutter, the presiding wizard, "Might I-I-I ask you-you to be kind enough to tell me if low-low spirits are more than medium size (sighs)?"

I remember telling them a story about Abraham Lincoln which Mr. Washburn, the American Minister in Paris, said Lincoln had told him himself. It was in connection with a lawsuit—one of the very first in which the great "Abe" had been engaged. A negro had been accused of stealing some onions. Sambo very indignantly denied the charge; the future martyr President defended him and he was acquitted. So great was the darky's delight that he rushed to the first drinking place and indulged in what Rabelais calls *franches lampées* until rye whisky got quite astride of his grey pulp, and he listened to the counsel of another darky who sententiously remarked, "You're a lucky nigger not to go to jail; but not honest nigger till you clear your character. You must do dat, Sambo." The result of this Iago-like advice being that that

same afternoon Sambo rushed into the courtroom where he'd been tried a few hours before, and, holding out a skunk he'd caught, cried, "Gemmun, I want for to clear my character. Here's de cuss dat steal dem onions—smell 'im breff!"

This led Borthwick to tell an absolutely apocryphal story about how Lincoln went up to the Siamese Twins and said gravely, "Brothers, I presume? But of the same mother?" Of the Lincoln yarns, true or false, there is, of course, no end. Mr. Ewarts once told me an amusing one. It seems that during the Secession War presents of all kinds were sent anonymously to persons of influence in Washington, the anonymous donors in due course making themselves known (when it was too late to restore the gift, which was usually something to eat or drink—canvasback ducks, terrapin, wines, spirits, and the like) and then present a petition. One day a large case of wine appeared at the White House, sent anonymously. A month later the donor wrote to ask how the President had enjoyed the tipples; and to this Lincoln replied, writing on the official paper of the White House: "Sir, I thank you for your letter

which enables me to thank you for your gift. Believe me, I have tried every kind of insect poison and found nothing equal to your old Dry Cabinet."

INDEX

- Abdul Aziz (the sultan), 150.
Adare, Lord (now Dunraven), 48.
Aida (the opera), 158.
Albany, Duke of, 24, 35, 110.
Alexander III (of Russia), 47, 213.
Ambre, Emilie (operatic singer), 3, 5.
Andrassy, Count, 91.
André, Count (President of the Prussian Jockey Club), 60.
Archer, Fred, 156.
Arts Club, 94, 96.
Ashburnham, Lord, 100.
Athanasius, 81.
Athanasian Creed, 98.
Athenæum Club, 95.
Atholl, the late Duchess of (*née* Moncreiffe), 75.
Augusta, Queen of Prussia (mother of Frederick the Noble
and grandmother of that ridiculous cad, the ex-Kaiser), 136.
Auteuil, 7, 179, 181.
Aylesford, Lord ("Joey"), 59, 60.

Baden-Baden, 130, 131, 132, 136, 141.
Ballantine, Serjeant, 38.
Balliol College, 98.
Balzac, Honoré de, 187-189.

- Bari, Comte de (brother of the King of Naples), 145.
Baring, Thomas, 44.
Barrère, Camille, 91, 94, 96.
Barrière, Théodore, 186.
Barucci, 152.
Baür, the ex-Monsignor (a Jew), 174, 218.
Beauclerk, Lady Diana, 27.
Beaufort, the late Duke of, 10, 36, 37, 40, 41, 68, 82, 138, 150.
Beauplan, M. de, 4.
Beauregard, Costa de, 16.
Beccadelli, 157.
Beere, Mrs. Bernard, 18.
Behague, Mme. de, 141.
Bellanger, Marguerite (Margot), 131-135, 142, 169.
Bellini, Vincenzo (composer of *Norma*), 95.
Bentley, Forbes, 106.
Berengère, Mlle., 2, 3.
Beresford, Lord Charles, 54, 56, 60, 64, 65, 69, 72.
Beresford, Lord Delaval, 51.
Beresford, Lord Marcus, 7, 51, 54, 59, 73, 76, 128.
Beresford, Lord William, 52, 53.
Bernhardt, Sarah, 18, 31, 113.
Bertinatti, Old, 95.
Bethell, The Hon. Victor (grandson of the Chancellor, Lord Westbury), 26.
Biedermann (a German Jew), 147.
Bignon's, 22, 166, 167.
Bird, Reginald, 125, 127.
Biron, Valentine (of the demi-monde), 153.
Biron, Gontaut, 14.
Bismarck, Count (afterward Prince von), 141.
Bismarck, Herbert, 8.
Black Sheep (a novel), 19.
Blanc, M. (of Monte Carlo), 47.
Blanc, Louis, 165.
Blandford, Marquis of (later 8th Duke of Marlborough), 135, 137, 139.
Bois Lucy, M. de (a financier), 84.

- Boissy, Marquis de, 199.
Borgo, Duchesse Pozzo di, 53.
Borthwick, Algernon (Lord Glenesk), 216, 222, 224.
Boson, "the Prince Charming," 13; see Sagan.
Boucheron (the jeweller), 178.
Bourget, Paul (novelist), 192.
Bowles, "Tommy" (of *Vanity Fair*), 35.
Bowood, 203.
Boyer, Mme. (proprietress of the Eau de Melisse des Carmes), 79.
Bressant, J. B. (of the Théâtre Français), 216.
Bristowe, Bob, 116-123.
"Britannia" (a ship), 55.
Broadwood (a snob of the piano family), 128.
Brougham, Mrs. Wilfrid, 174.
Buller, Charley (Charles Francis Buller), 31, 119.
Bulley, Dr. Frederic (President of Magdalen College, Oxford), 96, 125.
Buontemponi Club, 7.
Burnham, Lord, 34; see Lawson, Edward.
Busnach, William (dramatist), 164.
- Cabourg, 13.
Caderousse, Duc de Gramont ("Le Duc Darling"), 117, 172.
Café Anglais, 125, 149, 166, 193.
Café de la Paix, 163.
Café de Paris, 190.
Cahen d'Anvers (Cohen of Antwerp), 135.
Calvados, Préfet de, 14.
Calverley, C. S., 99.
Cambridge, George, Duke of, 24.
Cambronne, General Pierre, the word of, 5.
Campbell, Lord, 173, 174.
Capel, Monsignor, 97.
Carbonari, 107.
Carlier (Prefect of Police), 204.
Carlin (a Boursier), 143-147.

- "Carmen," the waltz (dedicated to Carmen, Duchesse de Montmorency, *née* Aguado), 211.
- Carolath, Prince, 9.
- Casimir (head cook of Maison Dorée), 22, 155, 166.
- Cass (a rich Canadian), 129.
- Castelnau, Mlle., 186.
- Castiglione, Comtesse de, 134, 142, 168.
- Castries, Duc de, 43.
- Changarnier, General Nicolas, 204.
- Cheylesmore, Lord, 95.
- Chopin, Frederic (composer), 195-197.
- Churchill, Lord Randolph, 67, 148.
- "Citron," ; see William, Prince of Orange, 2.
- Clanricarde, Lord, 117, 132.
- Claparède (nicknamed "le Charoguard"), 137, 139.
- Closmesuil (a demi-mondaine), 179-182.
- Colonna, Prince Marco, 191.
- Contades, Marquis de, 22.
- Conyngham, Lady (of George IV's days), 94.
- Cook, Eliza (better known as Mme. Musard, American bar-maid and mistress of the Prince of Orange), 2.
- Corbet, Jack, 154.
- Cotton, Dr. Richard (Provost of Worcester College), 123.
- Cotton, "Jack" (daughter of Dr. Richard Cotton), 123.
- Courte et Bonne* (a novelette), 16.
- Courtenay, Lord (eldest son of Lord Devon), 40, 41.
- Courval, Vicomtesse de, 13, 14.
- Cova, Cavaliere (of the Italian Legation), 2.
- Cowley, Lord, 134.
- Cranbrook, Lord, 29.
- Crawford, the late Lord, 31, 48.
- Crawford, Marion, 30.
- Cremorne, 127.
- Cumberland, Stuart, 47.

Daily Telegraph, 37.

Dalling, Lord, 134.

- d'Amboise, Comtesse ; see Ambre, Emilie, 2.
Damer, " Hippy " (afterwards Lord Portarlington), 25.
d'Antigny, Blanche (French actress), 160-162.
Darboy, Archbishop, 218.
Daru, Paul, 169.
Davray (the actress), 186.
Deauville, 13.
Deepdene, 53.
Deibler (the French executioner), 194.
Delacour, Jack, 38.
Delamarre, Hubert, 16, 43, 137.
Delorme, Felicie (an actress), 221.
De Machy and Seillière (Regents of the Bank of France), 84.
Demidoff, Paul (Prince of San Donato), 155, 170, 172, 193, 209.
Depew, Chauncey M., 222.
d'Hervey de St. Denis, Marquise, 56.
Dietrichstein, Princess (mother of Austrian ambassador), 41.
Dilke, Lady, 57.
Disraeli, Benjamin (Lord Beaconsfield), 159, 190, 217.
Dolgorouki, Princess, 209.
Dolores, 113.
" Don Magnifico " ; see Trauttmansdorff, Prince.
Dournow, Mme., 211-213.
Downe, Lord (" Jane " of the 2nd Life Guards), 36, 38, 122.
Dragon and St. George, 81.
Drummond, Professor, 173.
Dudley, Lord, 26.
Dugleré (of the Café Anglais), 154.
Dugerry, Abbé, 220, 221.
Dumas, Alexandre, 102, 184.
Dumas *fils*, 157.
Dumoret (the jeweller), 180.
Dunton, T. Watts, 100, 105, 114.
Dupplin, Lord, 14, 16, 70, 80.

Eddystone lighthouse, 80.

Edinburgh, Duke of, 24, 35, 40, 55, 59, 60, 64, 110, 173, 198.

Edward VII, King of England, when Prince of Wales, 6, 7, 12, 13, 23, 35, 37, 40, 41, 43, 55, 57, 58, 71, 72, 75, 76, 78, 122, 148, 150, 166, 177.

Ehrendall (a German Jew and adventurer), 43, 44, 46.

Elysée, the, 205.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 126.

Ernest (head waiter of Café Anglais), 149.

Escalier, Felix (confidential valet to Louis Napoleon), 200, 201.

Escalier, Felix (the younger), 207-209.

Esterházy, Prince Nicholas, 60, 66.

Eton, 93, 111.

Étretat, 112, 114.

Eugénie, Empress, 128.

Evans's (music hall in Covent Garden), 37, 38, 40.

Ewarts, Mr., 224.

Excelsior (the ballet), 69.

Fargueil, Anaïs (a quarrelsome actress), 198.

Farquhar, Horace (the late Lord Farquhar), 45, 60, 63.

Faubourg St. Germain, 216.

Faubourg St. Honoré, 205.

Faure (the baritone singer), 112.

"Félise," 101, 113.

Fernan Nunez, Duc de, 191.

Ferry, Jules, 83.

Flahaut, Comte de (usually in England spelt Flahault), 202, 203.

Flavia (Abbé Hurel's book), 216.

Fleury, Comte Emile-Felix, 203, 204, 206.

Floquet, Charles, 206.

Foot, Mr. (a student), 97.

Foreign Office, 106, 208, 209, 210.

Fragoletta, 113.

Gallifet, General de, 193.

Gallifet, Mme. de, 191.

Galitzine, Prince, 9.

- Galitzine, Alexis, 136, 169.
Gaston, le beau ; see Beauplan, M. de, 3.
Gathorne-Hardy (cousin of Lord Cranbrook), 29, 135.
Gelis (a spy, formerly French Consul in Mexico), 204.
Gilbert and Sullivan, 70.
Girardin, Emile de, 32, 143, 147.
Glenesk, Lord ; see Borthwick, Algernon, 222.
Golitsa (a gauntlet) ; see Galitzine.
Gore, " Gussie " (son of Mrs. Gore, the novelist), 94, 106.
Gower, Lord Ronald, 20, 22, 23, 31.
Gozlan, Lèon, 187.
Gray, Griswold (a rich young American), 152.
Greece, Prince George of, 46.
Grévy, President, 172.
Guiccioli, Countess (Byron's *chère amie*), 199.
- Hague, The, 2, 3, 5.
Hamilton, the 12th Duke of (" Angus "), 83, 87, 130, 134, 136, 141, 146, 150, 151, 171, 191, 193.
Hamilton, Lord Charles (Carlo), 125, 136, 138, 170, 172.
Hammersley, Louis, 53.
Hankey, Jack, 157, 158.
Harcourt, Sir William Vernon, 126.
Haritoff (a Russian Jew), 118.
Harrington, Marquis of, 171.
Hartington, Lord (later 8th Duke of Devonshire), 38.
Hassé, Caroline (an Alsatian of the *demi-monde*), 124-127.
Hayward (American poet), 18.
Heenan, John Carmel (pugilist), 102.
Hell dismissed with costs, 26.
Hertford, Lord, 157, 185, 187.
Hoey, Cashel, Mrs., 19.
Hohenlohe, Prince, 137.
Holland, King William III of, 2.
Homburg, 24, 26, 27, 29, 30.
Home, the 11th Lord, 48.
Home, Daniel Dunglas (wizard), 48, 50, 222.

Hotel Bristol (Paris), 6, 45, 66, 79.

Hotel Vouillemont, 4.

Howard, Cardinal, 217.

Howard, Alice, 16.

Huddleston, Baron, 27.

Hugo, Victor, 100, 108, 110, 165.

Humbert, King, 142, 147.

Hurel, Abbé, 215-220.

Iffezheim Course (at Baden).

Imperial, Prince, 128 ; see Napoleon, Eugene Louis.

Imperial Tokay, 92.

Insull (secretary to "Tommy" Bowles, of *Vanity Fair*), 35.

Isabelle (the bouquetière), 151, 152.

Ismail, Pasha of Egypt, 158.

Jacobs of Simla (the original of Marion Crawford's *Mr. Isaacs*),
27, 30.

Jamrach, J. C. C. (dealer in wild animals), 121.

Jockey Club (French), 82, 151, 152, 170.

Jocrisse, 98.

Joseph (head-waiter, Maison Dorée), 153.

Jowett, Dr. Benjamin (Master of Balliol), 98, 99.

"Juliette," 101, 113.

Kabbalists, the, 214.

Kaiserstadt, the, 41, 177.

Karolyi, Countess, 9

Kerr, Orpheus C. *phrenonym* (office seeker). (R. H. Newell, of
New York).

Kersaint, Comte de, 23.

Kinglake, A. W., 206.

Kinck, Gustave, and his family murdered by Tropmann,
190-193.

Khalil Bey (millionaire-spendthrift), 169, 170, 172.

- Lacroix, Mme. (of the Rue Pasquier, matchmaker), 46.
Lachaud, C. A. (the criminal advocate), 194.
La Gioja, 142, 146, 169.
La Guiccioli (Byron's *chère amie*), 199.
La Korrigane, 69.
Lancaster, the title Duke of, 81.
Landor, Walter Savage, 104.
La Popelinière, 157.
La Princesse Katy (a play), 108.
La Rochefoucauld, 118.
Lascelles, Lord, 118.
La Valenti (an Italian of the *demi-monde*), 152.
Lawson, Edward (the late Lord Burnham), 37, 38, 39, 42, 44.
Lefevre, Shaw-, 134.
Leninger, Antoinette (a well-known Aspasia), 135.
Lennox, Lord Algy, 55.
Leopold, Prince, 110-112.
Leopold II of Belgium, 158.
Letessier, Caroline (of the *demi-monde*), 124-127, 139, 146.
Liadières, Mme., 201.
Lichtenstein, Colonel (Sarah Bernhardt's friend and President Grévy's military aide-de-camp), 193.
Liddell, Henry George (Dean of Christ Church, Oxford), 126.
Liddell, Mrs., 126, 139.
Liddell, Miss Edith, 140.
Liddell, Miss Rhoda, 140.
Lincoln, Abraham, 214, 215, 223.
Liszt, Franz (Hungarian abbé and pianist), 195-197.
Livet, M. Charles, 158.
Lloyd, Mrs. (daughter of Gordon, the wine shipper), 173.
Lockwood (of the Rifles), 38.
Loisset, Emilie, 163.
Londonderry, the late Lord, 8, 110.
Longchamps, 43, 87, 151.
Lorne, Lord, 135.
Louise, Princess, 135.
Louise, Duchess of Manchester, 60.
Louis Napoleon, 200-207.

Loulou ; see Schwarzenberg, Prince.

Lowell, James Russell, 81.

Lubomirski, Prince Joseph, 79.

Ludwig I, King of Bavaria, 2.

Lumley, Augustus, 11, 94.

Lyons, Lord, 209, 214, 219, 222.

Macduff, Lord (later Duke of Fife), 45, 60, 65.

Madrassi (sculptor), 21.

Magdalen College, Oxford, 95, 125.

Magmir, Marie (the actress), 43.

Maison Persane, 13.

Maistre, Joseph de, 215.

Maison Dorée, 22, 60, 149, 158, 166.

Malet, Sir Edward, 159, 220.

Manchester, Duke of, 28.

Manchester, Duchess of, 28.

Magny's (in the Rue Contrescarpe), 21.

Marlborough, the late Duke of (see Marquis of Blandford).

Marlborough House, 55.

Marston, Philip Bourke, 106.

Massa, Philippe de, 4, 5.

Mathews, Mr. (an Englishman living in Paris), 178.

Mathilde, Princesse, 95.

Maupas, C. E. de, 202, 204, 205.

Mauri, Rosita (dancer).

Mazeppa (Adah Isaacs Menken, appeared at Astley's, Oct., 1864), 103.

Mazzini, Giuseppe, 112.

Melissano, Prince, 6, 8, 12, 14, 15, 16.

Mendes, Catulle, 153.

Mensdorff, Pouilly (Austrian Ambassador), 41.

Merigliano, Duke of, 6.

Meudon, 5.

Menken, Adah Isaacs (actress and writer), 102-104.

Milbank, Harry Vane, 13, 14, 16, 158, 181.

Millais, Sir John Everett, R.A., 54.

- Million, M. (a secretary), 84.
Mitre Hotel, Oxford, 171.
Mocquard, Jean F: C., 142, 202, 203, 206.
Modène, Marquis de, 14, 137, 138.
Montebello, Duc de, 197.
Monte Carlo, 26, 43, 44.
Montez, Lola, 5.
Montrose, Caroline, Duchess of, 40.
Morning Post, 216.
Morny, Duc de (bastard brother of Napoleon III), 16, 201, 204, 206.
Morny, Serge de, 14.
Mouchy, Duc de, 13, 22.
"Mr. Isaacs," 30 ; see Jacobs of Simla.
Muirhead, Steuart ("Dick Steuart" of the Blues), 120.
Murat, Prince Louis, 15, 69.
Murat, Prince Achille, 132, 136.
Murat, Princess Anna (Duchesse de Mouchy), 13.
Musset, Alfred de, 195.
Musard, Mme. ; see Cook, Eliza.
Mustapha Pasha (brother of the Khedive), 140.

Napoleon Buonaparte, 198.
Napoleon III, Emperor of the French, 131-134, 168, 202.
Napoleon, Eugene Louis, Prince Imperial, 128.
Nardini (a horse-dealer), 142.
Narischkine, Basil, 170, 172.
Neuilly, 176.
Newman, Cardinal, 95.
Newman, Dr. T. H. (a Don of Magdalen, Oxford), 94-98.
Nicholas I, Emperor of Russia, 49.
Nohant, 196, 198.
Norfolk, the late Duke of, 219.
Northland, Lord, 118.
Nuneham, 110, 126.

O. de Cologne ; see Oppenheim.
Odéon, the, 197.

- Oppenheim (the German banker), 134.
 Orange ; see William, Prince of.
 Origa, Marchioness, 49.
 Orloff, Prince, 49.
 Orthodoxy, Father of, 81.
 Osborne, Bernal, 40, 148, 217.
 O'Shaughnessy, Arthur, 106.
 Osterley, 94.
 Oxford, 8, 9, 96, 110, 123-125, 171.

 Paddy Green (of Evans's, Covent Garden), 37.
 Pagani's (a restaurant), 36.
 Palais du Quai d'Orsay, 210.
 Palladino, Eusapia, 222.
 Paris, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, 14, 16, 19, 22, 30, 35, 38, 39, 41, 42, 45,
 49, 60, 68, 76, 84, 91, 95, 97, 100, 102, 104, 111, 117, 119,
 123, 124, 129, 131, 132, 142, 143, 150, 158, 160, 171, 173,
 174, 176, 180, 182, 183, 189, 191, 193, 195, 209, 215.
 Pattison, Mark (the Rector of Lincoln), 57.
 Pearl, Cora (daughter of the author of *Kathleen Mavourneen*),
 138.
 Pellegrini, Carlo ("Ape" the caricaturist), 36.
 Pelissier (author of French version of *Salome*), 19.
 Pelouse, Mme., 172.
 Pépa (confidential dressing-maid to Empress Eugénie), 202.
 Perrin (a young American soldier and artist's model), 22.
 Persigny, Duc de, 203, 206.
 Persigny, Duchesse de, 173, 194.
 Pezon (the circus man), 176.
 Piper, Count (Swedish Minister in London), 5.
 Poilly, Mme de, 172. .
 Poix, Prince de, 13.
 Polydore's in Paris, 106.
 Pomár, Duke of, 20.
 Portsmouth, Lord, 29.
 Posno (an old Jew), 148.
Pot-Bouille (a play), 164.

- Potoiki, Count, 191.
Pringle, Lady, 20.
Priston (of the Palais Royal), 160.
Prussia, Queen of, 138.
- Quai d'Orsay, 216.
- Rachel (the great actress), 198.
Radziwill, Prince Constantine (who married one of the daughters of M. Blanc, of Monte Carlo), 45.
Randolph Hotel, Oxford, 125.
Reade, Charles (the novelist), 95, 125.
Reed, Miss Fanny (sister of Mrs. Paran Stevens), 162.
Remy, Mme., 2.
Renan, Ernest, 123.
Retz, Cardinal de, 212.
Richard Darlington and *Halifax* (Dumas's), 108.
Riggs, Mrs. Elisha (wife of the Washington banker), 104.
Ripaldi, Marquis, 11.
Rivoli, Duc de (Masséna), 137, 139, 148.
Ronalds, Mrs., 70.
Rossetti, Christina, 112.
Rosslyn, the late Lord, 129.
Rothschild, Alfred, 71.
Rothschild, Alphonse de, 155, 156.
Rothschild, Mme. Alphonse de, 13.
Rothschild, Gustave de, 156.
Rothschild, James, 2.
Russell, Lady Odo, 10.
Russia, Alexander III of, 47.
- Sade, Marquis de, 216.
Sagan, Princess de (the resourceful Jeanne), 6, 9, 12, 13, 15, 81, 82.
Saint Arnaud, Marshal de, 202, 206.
Salome, 18.
San Cesario, Duke of, 7.

- Sand, Georges, 195-198.
Sandeau, Jules, 195.
Sandringham, 43, 122.
Scheremetieff, Princess, 25.
Schmettau, Count, 176.
Scholl, Aurélien, 31.
Schwarzenberg, Prince (Loulou), 177-181.
Seillière, Baron Raymond, 69, 79, 81, 83, 84, 87, 123.
Sennel, de (natural son of Duc de Montebello), 197.
Seymour, Lord Henry, 119, 190.
Sheffield, George, 8.
Shelley, 104.
Signoret, Fanny, 16.
Singh, Dhuleep, 31.
Siamese Twins, 224.
Smart (an Englishman of no birth but a leader of society in Vienna), 41.
Solferino restaurant, 106, 107.
Stanley, Dean, 81.
Stanley, H. M., 40.
St. Cloud, 133.
Stead, W. T. (of the *Pall Mall Gazette*), 212, 213.
Stéphaïne, Archduchess of Austria (Comtesse Lónyay), 158.
Stephen, James, 221.
Strahan, 68, 70.
Strathnairn, Lord, 29, 30.
"Sugar-Candy" (the late Major Candy), 38.
Sulkowski, Prince, 117, 172, 176, 177.
Suffolk, Lord, 38.
Sue, Eugène, 189.
Sullivan, Sir Arthur, 70.
Sully, Mounet, 100.
Sutherland, Duke of, 23.
Swinburne, Admiral (father of the poet), 112.
Swinburne, Algernon Charles, 18, 93, 99-115.
Sydney, the late Lord, 128.
Sykes, Christopher, 71.
Sykes, Sir Tatton, 71.

Talleyrand-Périgord, Boson de, 13 ; see Sagan, Prince de.
 Tascher de la Pagerie, Countess, 191.
 Taylor (friend of Bob Bristowe), 123.
 Tchetvertinsky, Princess, 49.
 Teck, Duke of, 23.
 Thiers, Adolphe, 91.
 Thomas (a waiter at Evans's), 37.
 Thurn and Taxis, Prince, 137, 138.
 Travers, Bill (the New York wit), 223.
 Trauttmansdorff, Prince, 60, 62, 65, 117, 172, 175.
 Trelawny, Edward John (a friend of Swinburne), 104.
 Trémouille, Duchesse de la, 13.
 Tropmann (the murderer of the Kinck family), 190-193.
 Trouville, 12.
 Turf Club, 73.
 Tziganes, Orchestra of, 10.

Uncensored Recollections, 1, 38, 51, 68, 130, 173, 202, 217.

Vane, Lord, 9.
Vanity Fair, 107.
 Verdi, Guiseppe (the composer), 158.
 Verdier brothers (proprietors of the Maison Dorée), 61, 65.
 Vertelli (a ballet dancer), 205.
 Vichy, 158, 200, 208.
 Victoria, Queen, 21, 24, 56, 80, 109.
 Viel-Castel, Comtesse de, 21.
 Vienna, 41, 91, 117, 131, 180, 181, 195.

Waldteufel, 211.
 Wales, Princess of, 43, 75.
 Wallace, Sir Richard, 185, 186, 187.
 Wallace, Lady, 186.
 Ward, Thomas (Baron Ward), (a jockey), 57.
 Washburn, Mr. (the American Minister in Paris), 223.
 Wellington Club, 135.

Wentworth, Lord (Byron's grandson), 111, 199.

Westbury, Lord (Chancellor), 26.

White House, the, 224.

Wilberforce, Ernest, 96, 126.

Wilde, Oscar, 18.

William III, King of the Netherlands, 1.

William, Prince of Orange, 1, 150, 157.

Wilson, Daniel, 172.

Wiltshire, Lord, 93.

Winchester, Lord, 93.

Wiseman, Cardinal, 217.

Wynter, Dr., 97.

Yates, Edmund, 19, 34.

Yquem Lur Saluces (a wine), 92.

"Yolande," 101, 113.

Yriarte, Charles, 156, 183-187, 194, 199, 222.

Zola, Emile, 162-166.

Read George Prig.

